



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

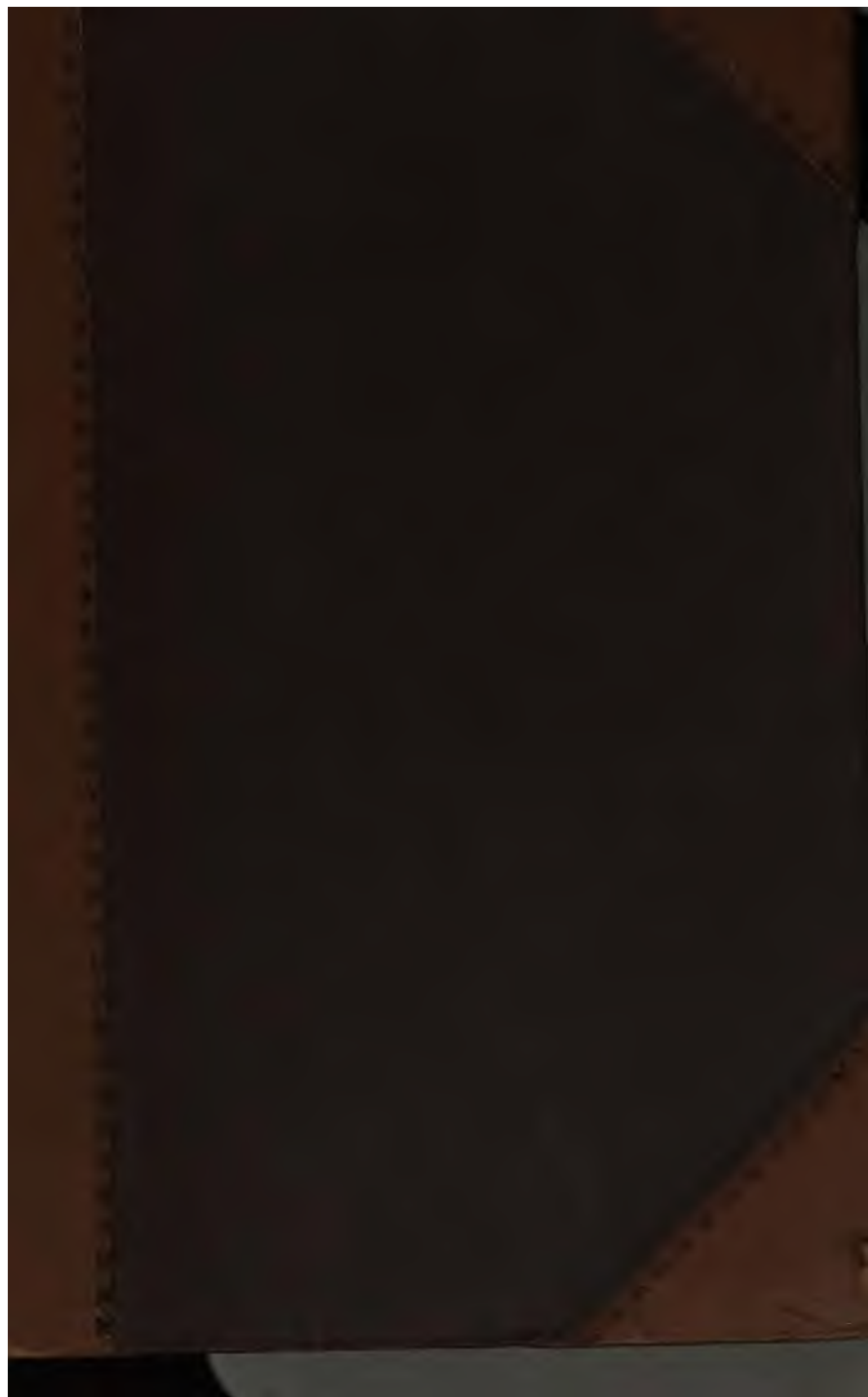
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

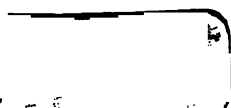
About Google Book Search

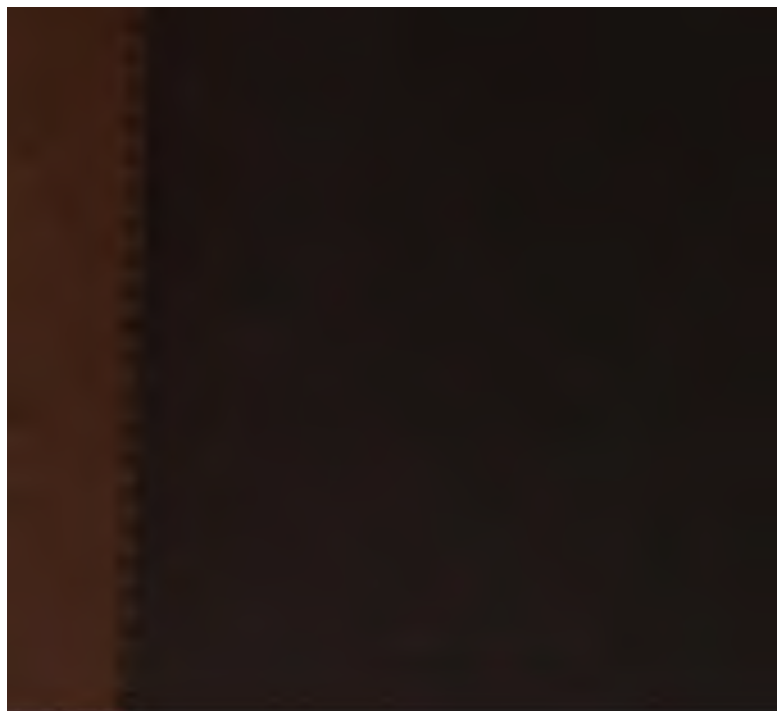
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





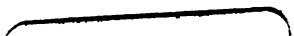
600010216G







600010216G





EVAN BANE;

A HIGHLAND LEGEND:

AND

Other Poems.

BY
D. M. FERGUSON.



Ite procul Musæ, si nihil ista valent.
Tibullus, Book ii. Eleg. 4.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

1832.

471.

**Manning and Smithson, Printers,
4, London House Yard, St. Paul's, London.**

CONTENTS.

EVAN BANE.

	Page
Dedication	1
Notes	9
Verses Introductory	15
Legend	33
Conclusion	91
Notes	99

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Epitre Dédicatoire	103
Lord Byron.	107
The Grecian Maid to her Lover	110
To Cora	112
On the Departure of a Friend to the West Indies	113
Farewell	115
Ode to Obscurity	116
To Nora	118
David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan	119
A Reminiscence	121
Ode to Scandal	123
Arout	126
Quædam et Quædam alia	128

	Page
To a Primrose	130
Leçon d'une Mère à sa fille	131
Sunset	132
To J * * * *	133
On the Death of a Young Lady	134
Stanzas	135
To Agnes	137
Woman	138
Lines Occasioned by the Death of a most Interesting Little Girl	141
To Margaret	142
The Ambitious Crow. A Fable	143
The Two Pear Trees. A Fable	145
A Simile	147
Sonnet	149
Translation. Horace. B. II. Ode 14.	150
Translation. Horace. B. II. Ode 10.	151
The New Year	152
To Anna (Occasional Lines)	155
Amazili	156
Enigma	158
To Time	160
Notes	163

DEDICATION

TO

GEORGE ALFRED CURRIE, ESQ.,

67th REGIMENT.

Annan-Hill, 13th August, 1830.

BREATHES there a wretch, so low, so lost,
Though poor, despised, misfortune-tost—
Tormented, tortured, wrung, and riven
By every suffering under heaven ;
Who yet —— as on his memory pour
The dear departed days of yore ;
When heedless boyhood lightly strayed
Through holm, and wood, and sunny glade ;
Or wandered by the silver stream,
Indulging many a golden dream,
Which all-substantial then and there,
Behoved at last, to melt in air——

B

Feels not, howe'er to be repressed,
One spark of rapture in his breast,
That sheds around his darkest night
A sun-gleam of celestial light;
And brightening shades by distance dimmed,
Rests on the sacred name of—Friend?
Away!—to seek a soul so base,
Fair Charity forbids the chase:
If such there be, e'en man's worst foe
Could wish the wretch no deeper woe!

Standing on this long-hallowed spot,
By magic memory ne'er forgot;
And gazing round on many a scene
That wake the thoughts of what hath been;
Dear Alfred! it were crime in me
To gaze—and not remember THEE!

Remember *thee*? ay! close entwined
With every feeling of my mind;
And part of every visioned joy
That stirred my fancy from a boy;
And linked to every fairy-nook,
And wood, and hill, and stream, and brook,
Which, from this favourite station, lie
Within the circuit of mine eye,

Thou art!—and true to friendship still,
Mid every change of good and ill:—
A truth—which, even in verse like mine,
Might shame the morals of the time!

While yellow autumn's matin gale
Floats softly down our native vale—
The sweet, romantic Annandale!—
And the grey mists are lingering still
On Saddle-back and Burnswark Hill; (1)
Nor yet have shewed, in prospect fair,
Repentance-Tower and Woodcock-air; (2)
And through the morning's hazy screen,
Mount-Annan yet is scarcely seen, (3)
Where beauty, dignity, and grace,
And genius have their dwelling-place;
And brighter, nobler, greater far—
Truth shines like a resplendent star,
Not shedding beams that warp the mind,
And make the owner doubly blind,
But such as clear the mental eye,
And ope a vista to the sky;
And Warmanbie—where all around
Is sacred and enchanted ground—(4)
Peeps, indistinctly, through the shade,
By dusk of early twilight made;

And songsters pour their wakening note
From Violetbank and Bruce's Moat: (5)
Say, Alfred, shall I bid thee come,
And leave the trump and rolling drum—
The noise—the vanities of life—
The roar—the laugh—the varied strife,
 Ne'er grateful to thine ear,—
To trace with me familiar views,
Whence oft we've brushed the early dews;
 And kneel a moment here!
Sooth 'twere a pleasure—but 'twere vain
To ramble o'er those scenes again;—
All-glowing in thy generous breast,
They cannot—will not be suppressed;
Portrayed in brightest colouring there,
I know—I feel—how void it were
To stamp upon this transient leaf—
Whose frail existence must be brief—
Memorials of our school-boy state
Which claim a more enduring date;
And which stern death alone can part
From their own tenement—the heart!

There let them rest: no lengthened page—
Too much the mania of the age—
Would now thy friendly eye engage;

Nor list I that the public gaze,
On page of mine, should taint thy praise—
A praise full sevenfold proof, I ween,
To all the artillery of spleen,
And all the bolts that might be hurled
Against it, by an erring world :—
But, soft!—the world and I are not
Just now on gracious terms—God wot!
And though its reckless judgments fly
Like random shafts from Lesbia's eye;
And like those shafts, all careless who
May sink beneath them—friend or foe!
Yet would I scorn to step aside,
The hydra-headed thing to chide;
Besides, experience sage has thrown
Her mantle o'er me—and has shown
'T is but a thankless task, and vain :
The hog is in the mire again!

The world thus gently pushed apart,
I feel as Crissal from my heart (6)
Had been upborne, with giant pith,
And tossed into the Solway Frith;
And now, my Earliest Friend, between us
Coronat opus citius finis.

Alone—at this sweet hour of morn,
Unbored by hound or huntsman's horn ;
Nor dreading that a legal limb,
Without a fee, so high will climb
To stun me with fanfaronade
And technics of his musty trade ;—
While not an eye, except my own,
Yet glances upon field or town ;
And not a sound salutes my ear,
Save Solway's surges murmuring near,
Or Annan's waves, that softly brawl
Adown the distant water-fall ;
With, now and then, a thrilling note
From woodland warbler's silver throat ;
While all the objects that surround me,
Bring shades of other days around me,
And dim mine eye, and fill my heart
With feelings that can ne'er depart :
In scene so dear—at such a time—
I dedicate the following rhyme
To thee,—the tribute is sincere ;
Would that it more deserving were !
Accept it—not as worth the proffering,
But just as purest “ Friendship's Offering ! ”

Alfred ! I've long and often prayed
For every blessing on thy head ;
And still that prayer I breathe,—
Nor is the pen of flattery mine ;
So foul a weed I scorn to twine
With Friendship's hallowed wreath :
Be mute my tongue, and dead my heart,
Ere I could act so base a part ;
And such the meed of me and mine,
As I would crave for thee and thine ;—
More were superfluous—to you ;
Dear comrade of my youth, adieu !

D. M. FERGUSQN.

NOTES
TO
DEDICATION.

Note 1—page 3.

“And the grey mists are lingering still
On Saddle-back and Burnswark Hill.”

SADDLE-BACK is a pretty high hill, or rather, one of the summits of a range of hills in Cumberland, overlooking the Solway Frith. The hill of Burnswark in Dumfrieshire, about seven miles northward from the town of Annan, is remarkable, we believe, for the vestiges of an old Roman encampment.

2—page 3.

“Nor yet have shewed, in prospect fair,
Repentance-Tower and Woodcock-air.”

The Tower of Repentance stands on a very conspicuous elevation, at a short distance from Hoddam Castle, the residence of Lieutenant-General Sharpe. The traditional reasons for its erection are various; but all agree that it was built by the command of a feudal chief, after the commission of some dreadful crime—no doubt as a lasting monument of his remorse. Woodcock-air is an extensive wood, covering a hill a little to the eastward of Repentance.

Note 3—page 3.

“ And through the morning’s hazy screen,
Mount Annan yet is scarcely seen.”

Mount Annan, the seat of the late Lieutenant-General Dirom, is pleasantly situated on an eminence on the eastern bank of the Annan, about a mile and a half above the town. Being tastefully wooded, the surrounding scenery is exceedingly romantic and picturesque, and the prospect from the mansion-house, varied and extensive. Few residences can boast a more delightful and commanding site; but its greatest charm is not obtrusive—the benevolent character, we mean, of its inmates. Of this hereditary quality it were superfluous to speak, seeing its effects have been experienced to an infinitely wider extent than this humble volume can ever pretend to reach. The truly excellent and worthy proprietor died within a month or two after these lines were on paper. In his manly and patriotic writings, however, he still lives; and in the hearts of a countless multitude his memory is enshrined, and his monument erected—a monument incomparably more noble and honourable than the stateliest column of Parian marble. Long will his irreparable loss be felt and deplored; and no where more deeply than in Annan, of which, it may justly be said, he was both the “*decus et tutamen*.” Could *universal* sympathy and regret alleviate the sorrow of his surviving partner and family for so afflicting a bereavement, such consolation is theirs. But they have a higher and more availing source of resignation:—the well-founded assurance that he is now enjoying the recompence of his Christian belief, and persevering usefulness, in that blissful region,

Where eyes to weep are never seen—
Where grief has no abode—
Where love, and light, and glory beam
Around the throne of God!

The life and character of the late Lieutenant-General Dirom demand a folio, and the inimitable powers and pen of a Sir Walter

Scott. The present humble and imperfect tribute to his memory, is a poor attempt to perpetuate a debt of gratitude; and though written by one who can offer nothing more valuable, may claim, at least, the merit of being the language of the heart, and of truth,—a language now-a-days not easily understood, and (we hope we are mistaken when we presume to add), with few exceptions *never* spoken, and *too seldom* written.

Note 4—page 3.

“And Warmanbie—where all around
Is sacred and enchanted ground.”

The delightful residence of Warmanbie is about the reach of a carronade-shot southward of Mount Annan, on the same side of, but somewhat nearer the river. In all probability, it had its name from an occasional expression of “*War maun be*,” or “*Waur maun be*,” used, perhaps, at this particular spot, by some red-handed reaver in feudal times, when very slight and often ridiculous circumstances not unfrequently stamped the names, equally of men and places. Such, for instance, is the oral etymology of Cannobie, (*canna be*), be it true or false. The estate of Warmanbie is now the property of A. Carruthers, Esquire, who, a few years since, built the present mansion-house, a little to the north of the site of the old one, and has made many tasteful and judicious improvements around it.

5—page 4.

“And songsters pour their wakening note
From Violetbank, and Bruce’s moat.”

Violetbank is a strikingly neat and prominent little cottage, at half a mile’s distance from Annan, on the western bank of the river. It belonged, latterly, to the deceased John Rae, Esq.—a gentleman, who, with the power of doing good, possessed, what too rarely happens—the *heart* to do it. His only surviving sister is the present owner and resident.

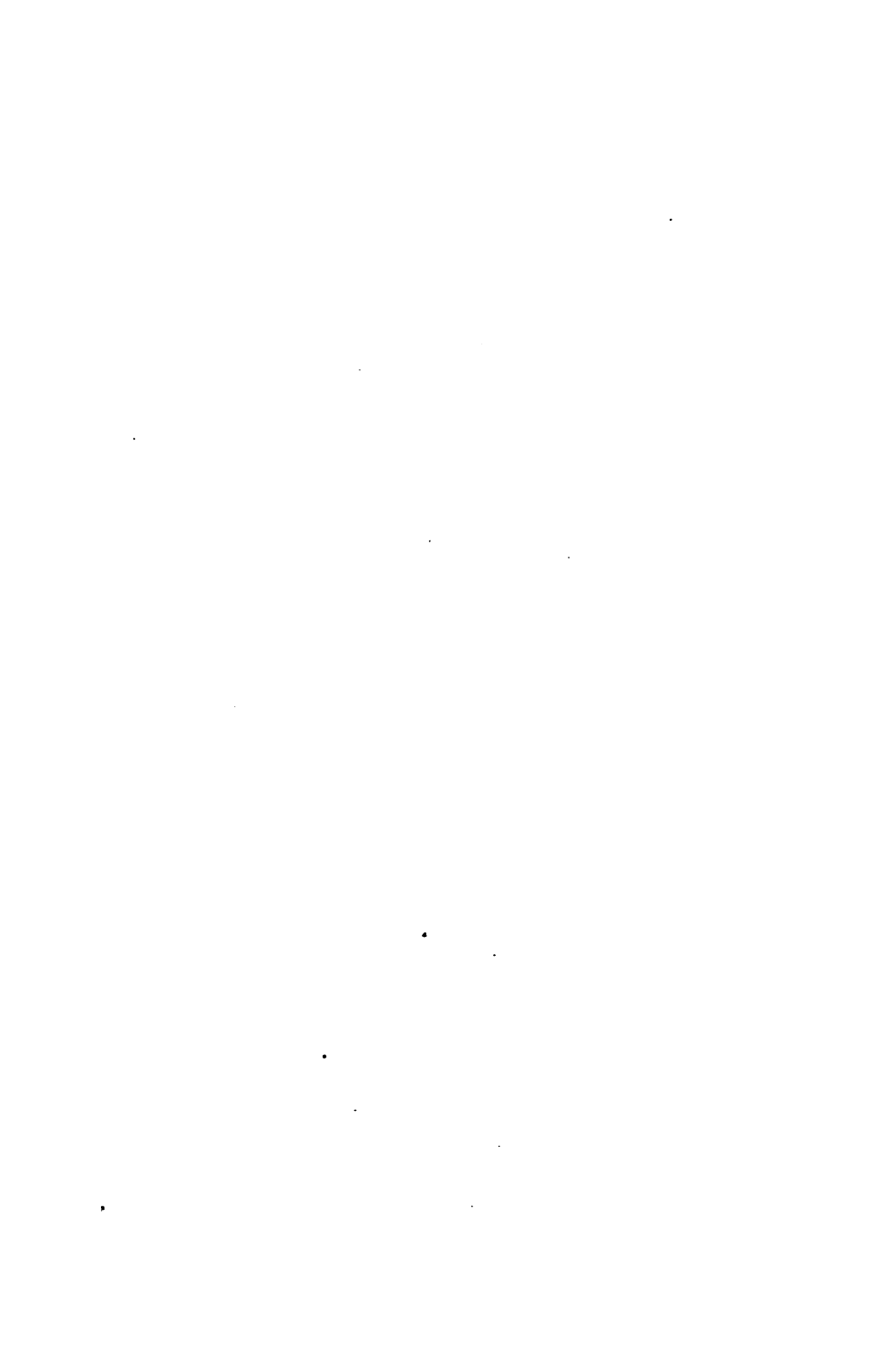
Bruce's moat, (so called from our good king Robert of old), is in the immediate vicinity of Annan, northward. Separated from the moat by a small bourn, and on an elevation opposite, nearer the town, stood Bruce's castle,—the ruins of which finally disappeared within our recollection. One of the stones, bearing quite legibly the name of king Robert with his other titles, and the date when the castle was built, (the commencement of the 14th century), at present immortalizes the wall of Miss Gracie's Vintage-house in Butt's Street. Bruce-moat-cottage is now the property of Thomas Grahame, Esq., advocate—eldest son of the late pious and talented Author of "The Sabbath."

Note 6—page 5.

"The world thus gently pushed apart,
I feel as Criffel from my heart."

Criffel is a considerable hill in Kirkcudbrightshire, immediately on the shore of the Solway Frith. The origin of its name, which was told us some five or six years ago, by a gentleman now dead, is rather curious and amusing. The devil, it is said, for some reason or other, "once upon a time" conceived the Herculean project of forming an isthmus between Scotland and England, near the spot where Criffel now stands; and, with this *diabolical* intent, procured (himself knows *how* or *where*), an immense creel-full of earth. As his satanic majesty winged his way through the air with the mighty load upon his back, the creel became "leaky," and let out, at intervals, part of its contents, which formed, along the west side of the Nith, that ridge or rabble of hills of which Criffel is the principal. At length, just when the aerial prince had almost reached his destination, the creel fell, and the soil which remained in it produced the hill in question. According to this legendary story (which we charge all our readers to disbelieve) its proper name is Creelfell. Time, however, which purifies or corrupts every thing, has naturally enough changed it to Criffel, or—as certain Vandals choose to spell it—Criffield, and even Scriffield.

EVAN BANE.



VERSES INTRODUCTORY.

O! 't was a lovely eve in June—

The sky was one cloudless blue,
And nature exhaled her sweetest perfume
From trees and shrubs of varied bloom,
And blossoms of every hue!

Soft was the wood-lark's farewell note,

As she hymn'd the sun's last ray—
And high did the song of the blackbird float,
As he poured the lays of his tuneful throat
On the breath of the parting day:

Save sounds like these, creation was still
On the moor and the dale—on the rock and the hill:
The voice of the sea-bird wakened no more
The shrill echoes along the caverned shore;
The eagle had flown to his storm-girt nest,
And his death-boding scream was hushed to rest,⁽¹⁾

Calm was the breast of Strathane, and clear,
Where heaven, reflected, seemed so near,
That souls of the just might have lingered here ;
And almost believed, in a spot like this,
They scarce had strayed from the realms of bliss :
Not a murmur was heard at this peaceful hour,
To stir the repose of tree or flower ;
E'en the flimsy robe, which Arachne weaves
And deftly flings o'er the forest-leaves,
Was all unshook by the lifeless air,
As if doomed to hang for ever there ;—
Oh ! beats there a heart that at such a time
Could throb to sin—or delight in crime !

My steps were turned to Vhorna's glade,
Amid whose thick, embowering shade,
I wont to pluck the wilding rose,
And strip the yew-tree of its boughs ;
And lightly ramble, all day long,
As careless as now flows my song—
Unconscious of the lapse of time,
Till dong'd Saint Mary's evening-chime—
A chime that marred the joyous chase,
And warned the truant home apace,
From music of the tinkling brook
To Ave Maria—head—and book.

'T is Pleasure's pain to trace the years,
When, free from racking hopes and fears,
The bounded wishes rose not higher
Than cottage floor or cottage fire ;
Nor winged their short and chastened flight
Beyond the term of infant sight ;—
When bliss allured each passing hour
In shape of butterfly or flower,
And heaven itself lay all compressed
Within a bee's or linnet's nest.
The monster's mind I envy not
By whom youth's season is forgot,
Or who may scorn to look for *there*
A transient resting-place from care ;
Or cannot reach it, if he would,
From moral fault—or fault of mood.
It may be—and experience due
Of human conduct proves it true—
That follies, differing in their kinds,
Assail the lowest, highest minds,
And leave behind them blot and stain,
Which may not be washed out again ;
At least if bigots judge aright,
Who judge alone by erring sight,
Nor dream of motive—bias—spring,
All busy in the heart within,

Rejecting *that*—compelling *this*,
And, but from weakness, if amiss ;
Nor mark the tear that fills the eye—
Nor list the deep and smother'd sigh—
Nor estimate the secret prayer
That lifts the sinner from despair ;
And, 'spite of folly—sin—and shame,
Can bid him wake and live again.
But, truce ! it were a bold essay
To argue prejudice away ;
Content am I—though often wrong,
The better spirit sleeps not long ;
I pin not faith to others' sleeve ;
If cheated, I myself deceive.—
Solve me, ye sages ! if ye can,
The inconsistencies of Man ?
No ! teach the fools, who deem you wise,
The laws of Wisdom to despise,
By wrapping youth up, as ye list,
In denser fogs than Scottish mist—
Exalting Reason to a God,
And wielding Scripture as a rod
Made for the backs of only those
Who your chimeras dare oppose :
For me—thank Heaven ! I've lived too long
To be deluded by your song ;

Nor barter would my grain of sense
For all the wit your lips dispense.

O precious Memory ! gift divine !
The callous heart be never mine !
Whene'er I backward turn thy leaf,
Still may I find a sweet relief
From sickening scenes of feverish strife—
The full tides—ebbs—and flows of life ;
And though, from causes well defined,
Or mere imperfectness of mind,
A few dark spots may lie behind,—
From which the radiant sun we see
Is not himself entirely free ;
Nor ancient Saints, of highest name,
Might full exemption dare to claim ;
But which, in these self-righteous days,
Strike Pharisees with " loud amaze,"
And give the sinless sect to boast
All else are—past redemption—lost !
Poor souls ! they only act a part—
Make clean the *hands*, but miss the *heart*—
Pay tithes with *ceremonial* awe,
But shun the *spirit* of the law ;
Which stands—as the apostle saith—
In judgment—mercy—and in faith ;

And thus, in heaven's just scales, 't is seen,
Their outside virtues kick the beam :
While publicans, with less of state,
Are found of much superior weight.—⁽²⁾
Yet never may I shrink to cast
A lingering glance on moments past !

Companions of my early age,
And fellow-players on its stage,
When Memory draws her silken shroud,
What feelings upon feelings crowd !
In Fancy's eye, I see you all ;
The dark—the fair—the short—the tall ;
The jacket round of Lincoln hue—
The tartan kilt—the bonnet blue—
The crimson ribbon tied behind,
And streaming gaily on the wind—
For clad alike, by sacred rule,
Were pupils of Saint Mary's school ;
I see the bold—the witty—shy—
The modest—mischievous—and sly ;
The smiling lip—the beaming eye—
The open gaze—the squint awry !
And each diversity of tone
In recitation—laugh—or song—

Or serious mood—or play of wit,
I hear—as if I heard it yet:
Though many a merry voice, I trow,
Full noisy then, is silent now;
And many a jocund pulse at rest,
Which throb'd within a kindly breast;
And minds, from all sensation hurled,
Which might have sway'd this nether world:—
Peace! peace! to man it is not given
To know the dark decrees of heaven;
Far from the woes of earth ye sleep:
Worse fate is mine—to live and weep!

If, from the dungeon of the grave,
Youth, beauty, innocence could save
Remembrance would not drop a tear
O'er gentle Minda's lowly bier;
No! yet her mild and melting eye
Would look on hill, and stream, and sky;
Yet would those accents greet my ear,
Which angels might have stooped to hear;
And yet a form would glad my view,
Such as primæval Eden knew:
But beauty, youth, and love are gone,
And I am left to sigh—alone!

Ah, Minda ! name for ever dear !
Thy image well may haunt me here !
This scathed and leafless willow tree,
Though speechless, may have speech for me ;
For here, beneath its trembling shade,
Our vows of love have oft been paid ;
And oft, in rapture, have I hung
Upon thy lip when thou hast sung
With seraph's voice, at twilight dim,
The Maiden of Iona's hymn ;
The while the silvery music stole
From fading earth my heart and soul,
Till, borne upon its breath away,
They burst their prison-house of clay,
And soared to climes of brighter day !

Nor is that music mute—
Even yet its melody I hear,
Distinct, as fall upon my ear
The varied warblings, full and clear,
Of yonder shepherd's lute ;
And yet may Recollection tell
Each letter—word—and syllable
Of that sweet hymn, remembered well.

THE MAID OF IONA'S HYMN.

SEE, in the eastern sky,
 With morning blushes vie,
 Clouds of the night !
 Shadows now flee away,
 Chased by the King of day,
 And 'neath his burning sway,
 Melt from the sight :

Pierc'd by the brilliant rays round thee that roll,
 Oh ! may the darkness that cumbered my soul
 Flee away as those shadows, and shrink as a scroll,
 Fountain of Light !

Proudly yon billows, seen
 Tipp'd with the sun's bright beam,
 Sparkle like flakes of gold,
 And their broad manes unfold,
 Wildly and free :

Guard thou the sailor-boy, far on the deep—
 Shield him while waking—and watch o'er his sleep,
 Mid the roar of the storm—and the hurricane's
 sweep,—
 God of the Sea !

Low on the naked rock,
Rent by the earthquake-shock,
Kneel I for grace ;
Hear a lone maiden's prayer,
Breathed through the chilly air ;
Wipe from her eye the tear ;
Bid her woes cease ; --
And when the strife of existence is o'er,
Oh ! waft her soul to that happier shore,
Where the tempest is hush'd—and the waves rage no
more—
Spirit of Peace !

If Minda chanced to tarry long,
Even I—though all unused to song—
My anxious-beating heart to ease,
Might chant in simple strains like these :

THE WILLOW TREE.

THE sun has sunk behind Glenmore ;
The deer are bounding on the lea ;
The dew has wet the willow flower,
And I wait by the Willow Tree.

How slowly glide the wingless hours;
When Love looks from a wishful e'e!
Now Nature's fairest landscape lowers,
When Minda is not by to see!

The moon shines on Danooora-hill,
And lights the summit of Ben-Shee;
The twinkling stars are up—and still
I linger by the Willow-Tree.

Is yon a maid of mortal mold?
Or is it fairy form I see,
With cloak of green, and clasp of gold,
A-tripping o'er the heath to me?

Fair are her locks—her aspect meek—
Her gait as mountain breezes free;
The glow of health is on her cheek—
The glance of love is in her e'e:

It is a maid of mortal charms;
It is no fairy form I see;
O, welcome, Minda, to my arms!
O, welcome to the Willow-Tree!

The harp that soothed Love's saddened hour,
Now hangs all mute in Minda's bower ;
Or moves but to the breeze, that flings
A fitful murmuring o'er its strings.

Sweet Vhorna's glade is reached at last—
The scene of many a frolic past ;
And, such the sympathy of place,
Methinks I almost yet could chase
The booming bee, from flower to flower,
In memory of a wasted hour ;—
Smile on, ye philosophic fools,
Who measure happiness by rules,
Digested in the mist of schools !
Contemn, ye intellects refined !
Laugh, all who have or want a mind ;
And marvel what the trifler means,
By panting after insect-queens !
As idle course ye often run,
In quest of toys as light when won.
Is not the race of life as vain ?
The prize contested much the same ?
Does hunted pleasure cease to flee,
Or prove less wild than winged bee ?
And if, perchance, the bauble's caught,
Is e'er the conquest cheaply bought ?

Or, when you rob the cell within,
Say, does the honey blunt the sting
That wounds the hand which dares to clasp
The buzzing captive in its grasp ?
If not too sapient to discern,
Go, wranglers ! and this lesson learn :
That his is not the wiser part
Who proudly vaunts a stoic heart ;
And, spurning bliss on heaven's plan,
Mistakes the dignity of man :
That Virtue, with her dove-like eye,
If e'er she stoop beneath the sky,
Stoops but, in innocence of heart,
To soothe a momentary smart ;
For, in this rugged Vale of Tears,
Even Virtue has her pains and fears ;
Or but her wearied wing to rest,
Or preen the plumage of her breast ;
Or, using well a parent's right,
To teach her young a nobler flight :—
The pastime or the duty done,
She seeks the regions of the sun ;
Assured—though earth awhile she roam,
And make its manners half her own—
It is a caravanserai, and not—her native home !

There is a moral in each tree ;
A sermon in the purling brook ;
A lecture in the sounding sea,
And language in the cawing rook :
If Pride would bend her stubborn knee,
Man might be wise without a book.
This truth was sung three thousand years ago ;
And truths, by age, like oaks, more sturdy grow.

Deem'st thou, traveller, sad and lone,
As resting on this Druid stone,
Beside the blasted tree,
The trunk, which not a bough conceals,
No rede of interest reveals ?
It may not, sooth, to thee !
Yet, though no shadows now are flung
From leaf or branch, it has a tongue
All-eloquent to me !
Oh, could the stunted fragment speak,
'T would whisper many a gamesome freak
Of guiltless revelry—
And tale of friendship—love—and eke
Of song and minstrelsy !
Then, changing to a bolder tone,
Might tell of battles lost and won,
And deeds of high achievement done
By knights of chivalry !

It is not voiceless,—on its rind,
 Engraved by schoolboy or by hind,
 (Memorials of a vacant hour)
 Are bird—and beast—and castled tower—
 And spectre-ship—and shapeless flower—
 And countless figures, queer and quaint,
 Of maiden—matron—sinner—saint,
 All in grotesque confusion blent;—
 Nor unrecorded many a name :
 Of some, now high in rank and fame ;
 Of some, to whom griefs, deep and stern,
 Few harder tasks have left to learn ;
 Of some—perchance the happier doom—
 Whose owners sleep in early tomb,
 And to whose memory Fate has lent
 Nought save this fragile monument,
 Which woodman's axe, or lightning-blaze,
 In one brief moment might erase ;
 Or—if they spare—Time's finger must
 Soon crumble to its parent dust,
 And leave no mark by which to trace
 Or its inscriptions—or its place !

Mais je m'arrête—my moral song
 To Age of Bronze may seem too long ;
 Some Exquisite may haply say,
 With more of scornfulness than play : ⁽³⁾

"The bird or bard that best can sing
Is shortest time upon the wing ;
'Pon honour, Sir, you 're hugely tiresome ;
Have done—or, eh, I will expire soon !"
Patience, good dandy ! half a second—
The number of my lines is reckoned ;
Less than a page or two (who knows ?)
My prefatory verse may close ;
Then, graceless and impatient sinner,
Go, lace thy stays—and dress for dinner !

'T was such a silent eve as this,
When not a zephyr deigned to kiss
 The leaflet on the spray,
Amid my youthful comrades laid,
Beneath this withered beech-tree's shade,
 (Far distant now the day,)
I hearkened to an outlaw tale,
Delivered by old Martyn Dale,
 And, O, he well could say !
Association strikes her chain,
And bids the old man live again,
And wipe once more his aged eyes,
And toss his bonnet to the skies,
 And shake his locks of gray ;—

Again she wakes the smile—the tear—
The look of terror—glance of fear—
The measured scorn—the rising bile,
Which schoolboy's eye and lip beguile;
As, from the tone the tale might take,
Emotions varied might awake ;
The scene 's before me—fit the time—
Me lists to turn it into rhyme ;
'T will pass or kill a painful hour,
Which mortal sorrows might devour.
Should gentle reader deem it tame,
Let honest Martyn share the blame ;
His be the legend I rehearse—
Mine be the risk of faulty verse.

LEGEND.

Who stands in Vhorna's glade, alone?—
'T would seem yon warrior's sterner tone
Holds light the privilege to muse
On blossoms of the fairest hues,
Or seek one charm to soothe his lot
From blackbird's lay, or woodlark's note ;
Or, in the holy calm of even,
To raise one look or thought to heaven.
Towering and stately is his form,
As mountain-ash that braves the storm ;
And the lofty bearing of his eye
Might point to deeds of feeling high,
Did not the scowl upon his brow,
And his parched and scornful lip—which now
Relaxes to a smile, and then
Curls to its wonted scorn again—
Bespeak the mind's perverted jar ;
The madness of intestine war ;

And a haughty soul, that ill could prize
The gentler sway of human ties ;

Yet still the gazer deems

A something—nameless—undefined—

A secret mastery of mind,

In his dark visage beams,

And wakes belief—whate'er the cause—

He is not now what once he was,

Nor may be what he seems.

Brief space it needs, to reckon o'er

What garb and arms the stranger wore :

A scarf of silk his shoulder graced ;

A crimson baldric bound his waist,

Where swung, both stout and strong,

A falchion of terrific length,

Which might have tasked a giant's strength

To wield it well—or long ;

Yet who should deem that fearful brand

Weighed heavier in its owner's hand

Than palmer's staff or sallow wand,

Had done him mighty wrong ;

All else, from vizor-clasp to heel,

Was cased in links of shining steel ;

A purple plume waved on his crest—

Proceed—my rhyme may tell the rest.

Hark ! hark ! Clanvora's vales prolong
Far other notes than blackbird's song ;
And other light on Loryen plays
Than the broad sun's declining rays—
'T is the fierce bloodhound's opening yell
That rings through covert—cave—and dell ;
'T is light from lance and helm that gleams,
And o'er the peak of Lorven streams,

Gilding its granite gray ;
Now burst upon the startled sight
A troop of horsemen, all bedight
In steely armour shimmering bright,
 With plume and pennon gay ;
Come they to scent the evening gale ?
Or timid roebuck to assail ?
Or try the temper of their mail,
 In bloody battle fray ?

And how looks he mid Vhorna's green—
Marks he the sudden change of scene,

With either eye or ear ?
Yes—he detects the lights that play ;
He lists the steady bloodhound's bay,
 Still nearer and more near ;
And, though the stranger seems to know
These are the heralds of a foe,
 He shows no sign of fear ;

But o'er his weather-tinted cheek
A swarthier flush begins to break,
 Like sun-burst in a dream ;
And, on his passion-furrowed brow,
A deeper gloom is gathering now,
Black as the shade of cypress' bough
 Upon a ruffled stream ;
His hand is on his falchion's hilt—
His eye—as if with conscious guilt
Of blood that was or would be spilt—
 Shines with a lurid gleam.
Lightly recked he of life or death
Who dared to cross the stranger's path,
And stand before him, in his wrath,
 At such unseasoned hour ;
'T were safer far to hold at bay
The Desert-king, in quest of prey,
Or with a tiger's whelp to play
 In jungle of Nelloor !

Thoughtful he stood—but not amazed—
A moment on the earth he gazed ;
Then to his lip a whistle raised,
And blew a note, so loud and shrill,
The echoes fell on Bender Hill—
 Strathrimmon heard the sound ;

Nor long did he an answer bide :
With glance of flame—and breath of pride—
And pointed ear—and nostril wide—
Caparisoned in act to ride—
A coal-black steed was at his side,

And, neighing, shook the ground.
A stripling page upheld the rein,
And gently smoothed the flowing mane,
The wildness of its blood to tame.
It was, in sooth, a noble steed,
And seemed of more than mortal breed.

“Allan !”—but scarce the stranger spoke,
When, from the crashing coppice, broke
With furious yelp and yell,
Bristling its hair, like hoar untamed,
As swiftly o’er the glade it strained,
A bloodhound fierce and fell.

For very fear the stripling shook,
And, breathless, wist not where to look,

So sudden was the sight :—
Redder the warrior’s visage grew ;
Darker he frowned, such foe to view,
And slow his glittering falchion drew :

“Oh, were the blade a sapling yew !

Hush—hush—thou brawling wight !

Go, bid the arch-fiend spread his board ;
The spirit of thy murd'rous lord,
With threescore of his vassal horde,
 Shall sup with him to-night !”
Down came the steel, like lightning-sheet,
Shivered the sleuth-dog at his feet—
And, ere the page regained his breath,
The weapon slept within its sheath.

“ Allan !”—the kindled knight resumed
With thund'ring voice—“ thy master's doomed ;
The bow is bent—the die is cast—
The Rubicon is reached—nay, passed—
This very hour may be his last !
That hound, now bubbling out its life,
Is harbinger of mortal strife ;
For, well I know, its presence here
Proclaims my deadliest foeman near.
He shrinks not !—when did Evan shrink,
Or waver on the battle's brink ?
His childhood's toys were sword and shield—
His home has been the tented field—
He cannot fly—he will not yield ;
In storm or siege the doubtful post,
Where victory might be won or lost,
He ever claimed—no idle boast !

Still foremost he mid blood and flame,
When fields were fought or cities ta'en ;
'T was his to tempt the guarded pass ;
To laugh at gates of solid brass ;
To force the breach—to scale the wall—
And lead war's horrid carnival ;
When Evan deigned to give command,
Or waved on high his gloveless hand,
Sunk proudest eye and keenest brand ;
Ay ! hardy was that man of oak
Who dared to murmur when he spoke ;
Or indicate, by shrug or look,
An irksomeness at his rebuke.
No practised ape—no fopling, he—
No courtier, taught to bow the knee—
No thing of feathers and perfume,
To fool it in the gay saloon ;
Or calculate the prim salute ;
Or dally with the soft'ning lute ;
The only step that Evan knows,
Is danced in circle of his foes ;
The only song that Evan sings,
On habergeon and helmet rings ;
The only music Evan hears,
Is rung by trumpet in his ears ;
War is his element—his breath ;—
His game of relaxation—Death !

What ails thee, boy ?—that lily face
Might chance a maiden's bower to grace ;
But suiteth not with falchion's hilt—
Or theatre where blood is spilt—
Or page of master stained with guilt ;
Ha ! I forget—my fancy teems
With memory of awakened scenes !
Away ! away ! ye are but dreams ;
List, Allan,—to my rede I haste—
My life is on a moment's waste !

“Thou know'st where Lugan's billows roar,
And lash Dentorni's rocky shore ;
Thou know'st where rough Benvari rears
His summit of five thousand years,
Shadowing the castle of Dunorm,
Which long has baffled flood and storm ;
There was thy ill-starred master born :—
By the maternal side, I trace
My lineage from a royal race ;
(As family tradition tells
From Haco, King of Thousand Shells)
Rich was my sire—a noble thane—
Who has not heard of Duncan Bane ?
He was a chief of dauntless mood,
And oft had for his country stood,
And died his blade in foemen's blood :

And—but the time is ebbing fast ;
It matters not—scarce had I passed
My boyhood's age, when distant war
Called me to foreign strife afar :
My falchion gleamed beneath the Line ;
It flamed on fields of Palestine ;
On heathen crests it carved my name,
And ranked me on the page of Fame ;
Oh, had it been without a stain !
But I was wayward from a child—
The slave of passions, fierce and wild ;
And seldom is their conquest won
In climes beneath a burning sun.
An outcast—renegade from Heaven,
My brain is yet with anguish riven
For sins that may not be forgiven.—
Peace came—I reached my native land,
And pressed with joy its rugged strand ;
Instant I sought my mountain home,—
A wanderer never more to roam ;
So deem'd I,—but, in Time's dark book,
A rougher fate 't was mine to brook.

“Lord Dougal had a daughter fair,
His only child—his hope—his heir ;—
Oh, ne'er did form so beauteous beam
Upon a youthful poet's dream !

I saw and loved—with conscious pride,
I wooed the maiden for my bride ;
Her hand I craved—it was denied ;
Some cursed hereditary feud
The hymeneal knot withstood,
And Highland was that lady's sire
In love—in friendship—and in ire.
But I had studied in a school
Where passion held resistless rule,
And the strong purpose of my soul
Had ne'er been subject to control :
I gloried in *Venetian* wars ;
I mocked at drawbridge—bolts—and bars ;
Yea, oft had 'scaped in places, where
Fate quivered on a single hair.
Christina, too, my love returned ;
And I the selfish feelings spurned
Which thus could rudely tear apart
The noblest bondage of the heart.
Pure was my love ! ah, ne'er again
Could passion sway my breast as then !—
Enough,—with never-failing gold
I gained a serf of Dougal's Hold ;
And by the traitor-villain's aid,
Devised a meeting with the maid ;
She hearkened to my suit—and fled.

We fled—and friendly was the night,
Yet some unhallowed, wakeful wight,
(Earth's blackest doom upon him light !)
In secret had observed our flight ;

It rolled to Dougal's ear.

The chieftain stormed—his bugle wound—
And, quick as startled roebuck's bound,
When roused by the horrific sound
Of huntsman's voice, or yell of hound,
His savage vassals poured around

With gleaming axe and spear :—

'To horse! to horse!' the Dougal cried ;
We heard the echoes ere they died
On Craigendallen's mountain side ;

For yet the tower was near,—

Away we sped o'er moor and heath ;
Away—away—for life or death,

My gallant courser flew !

Already, on the madding wind,
The tramp of clattering hoofs behind

Loud and still louder grew ;

We gain Dinalva's sedgy banks—
All-smoking are my courser's flanks,

His strength is almost gone ;

Glenvore is passed—the double weight
Retards, alas, our desperate flight—

My steed will soon be blown !

The curb I checked—and glancing back,
Within a bow-shot on our track,
Full whip ! away ! with bridle slack,

The foe is spurring on :

‘ Oh, firmly clasp thy snowy arms

Around thy true love’s waist !

Christina, hush those wild alarms !

For he who rides with stolen charms

Had need to ride in haste.

Madly I ply mine armed heels ;

The generous charger tries

To urge his speed—he starts—he reels—

But forward still he flies.

O’er Gillian’s rushy holm we sweep,

And through Stranavon’s valley deep,

Where rough Benvari’s mountains steep

On either hand arise :—

Close—close—the tramp is in the rear ;

Shout—snort—and curse, by fits we hear ;

The hoof-beats double on our ear ;

And hard upon us gain :

‘ Hold on—hold on—my gallant horse !

Thy toughest sinews strain ;

Spare not the remnant of thy force,

Or soon thy master’s stiffened corse

Must quit thy loosened rein !’

As if my voice had lent him wings,

Away ! away ! the charger springs—

One painful effort more !
His saddle-girth—his failing limbs—
His sides are dropping gore ;
To right and left his bridle swings
The flaky foam—as shallop flings
The salt-spume from its prore ;
And now, as thick as rattling hail,
Stamp—stamp—and lash upon the gale,
Give sign the chase is o'er.
Just then, diverging from the road,
A narrow cross-way opening showed,
(Meet shelter in such time of need
For wearied man and jaded steed),
I quickly swerved aside :
' Come earthquake—hurricane—or death—
I dare the utmost of its wrath,
And here the issue bide !'
Yet on my lip the accents hung,
When hoof—and bit—and rowels rung—
And loud as howls the blast,
Or fierce as rush of mountain waves
Descending from their rugged caves,
Lord Dougal and his belted slaves
(Saint Dunstan send the felon knaves
To my good falchion owe their graves !)
Swept like a torrent past.

Faint the receding echoes fell
On stream—and cliff—and hollow dell ;
And fainter now they rolled away
Around the rock of Innisfay ;
Till, dying, sunk the iron storm
Among the woodlands of Dunorm !

“ Short breathing time, I ween, was given
To rider or to steed ;
My mind was tossed and tempest-driven,
I prayed to saint—I wearied heaven,
And doubled every bead ;
For neither nightly watch—nor ward—
Nor hanging bridge—nor portal barred,
The castle of Dunorm might guard
In such an hour of need ;
And, well I knew, that Dougal’s ire
Would wreak the fault of son on sire.
‘ The thought was madness :—’ Sire of mine
Must perish not for filial crime !’
I said—and raised the ready heel
In act to strike the galling steel,
And urge again the panting brute
Upon the trackings of pursuit—
When, lo, athwart the brow of night
A blazing meteor crossed my sight !

It was a momentary flame,
Yet scarce had it vanished, when
In broken cadence, shrill and loud,
From out the bosom of a cloud,
Which, deepening blacker o'er our head,
Seemed a broad mort-cloth for the dead,
There came a strange, unearthly sound,
Stirring the dusky air around—
Mixed and confused—half song, half weeping,
Like music-sobs of infant sleeping ;
Or such as I have sometimes heard
From Leuthra, stretched on sunny sward—
And, in her slumbers, following still
The stag o'er holt, and moor, and hill.
'T was hushed—then forth again it burst,
Not indistinctly, as at first,
But, in a tone sharp—wild—and clear—
Ringing this descant in my ear :

SPIRIT OF THE CLOUD.

'The curse of death to the house of Dunorm,
When a maid from Craig'dallen by stealth is borne !
And, over the last of its chieftains' grave,
May grass never grow—nor the yew tree wave !

‘The string has twang’d, the bolt is sped,
The griffin lies rent and torn—(‘)
Resounds the hall to the foeman’s tread,
The roof to the foeman’s horn ;

‘The raven croaks through the murky gloom—
The owlet wildly flaps her plume,
And shrieks mid the clanging storm ;
Oh, haste thee—haste—’t is the hour of doom—
And swords are in Dunorm !

‘The crest of Dougal stoops o’er the brave ;
His poniard gleams on high ;
Is there none the grey-haired Duncan to save ?
Is son nor clansman nigh ?

‘The steel descends—’t is the hour of fate !
His clansmen sleep in gore ;
The arm to save is all too late—
Lord Duncan wakes no more !

‘The raven croaks through the murky gloom—
And the owlet wildly flaps her plume ;
And I, the Spirit of wrath and doom,
Proclaim his race is o’er !

'The curse of death to the house of Dunorm,
 When a maid from Craigdallen by stealth is borne!
 And, over the last of the chieftains' grave
 May grass never grow—nor the yew tree wave!'

"The spirit ceased—the sable cloud
 Diminished to a narrow shroud,
 And, floating 'tween the earth and sky,
 (Like Mahmoud's coffin, raised on high,
 Sustained by power of magnetcy)⁽⁶⁾

It ellied from my view ;
 But, through my heart and through my brain
 There rolled a burning lava-flame ;

For, oh ! too well I knew
 That cloud was no illusive scene,
 That voice was not the night-bird's scream,
 Which fancy, in her fitful spleen,
 Might syllable, till it should seem—

The 'Curse of Ellen Dhu !'
 No ! long that curse, from maniac wrung,
 And on Benvari's breezes flung,
 Had our devoted house o'erhung,

Although till now forgot ;—
 Almost a century before,
 His claymore red with foeman's gore—
 By wounds, and rage, and travel, sore—

My grandsire—hight dark Egert Bane—
From unsuccessful foray came

To this unlucky spot.

The maniac met him, wild and rude,
And tauntingly his way withstood ;
Beshrew the hour ! in hasty mood
His ready weapon cleft her snood—

Her life blood stained the heath ;

Yet, ere her spirit took its flight,
She climbed Benvari's dizzy height,

And with her parting breath,

Against the castle of Dunorm
She yelled, amid the howling storm,
That malison of death,

Whose dismal and portentous knell
Now on my tingling ear-drum fell,
Denouncing that the hour was come,
When Egert's hapless race was done ;
And dreadful retribution due
To the poor murdered maniac—Ellen Dhu !

“ Thus, blasted by ancestral crime,
(What, if the fault were partly mine !)
I stood—the last of all my line—

Fate-stricken and accursed :

‘ Branch of a noble family tree !
Shall Evan Bane or wince—or flee—
Or die like dog?—it may not be ;
 He sternly dares the worst !
Unmoved he stood in battle-field,
When helm and horse and horseman reeled
 Beneath the flashing blade ;
Oft hath he seen the look revealed,
Ere death the quivering eyelids sealed,
With breast to fear or pity steeled,
 And shall it now be said,
Of an old crazy beldame’s flyte—
Or dancing meteor’s passing light—
Or floating cloudlet of the night—
Or minstrelsy of unseen sprite—
 He deigns to be afraid ?
Forefend, Saint Ruth, so foul a stain
Should blot the shield of—Evan Bane !

‘ Come, cheer thee—cheer thee—maiden dear !
 Nor look so sad and lorn ;
Soon shall his father’s turrets hear
 Thy own true lover’s horn ;
And soon his father’s clan shall rear
 His banner mid the storm ;
Wipe, maiden, wipe that rebel tear,
 There’s shelter in Dunorm :—

If not—though lacking armed band,
I've fearless heart and trusty brand ;
And helm shall crash, and blood be spilt,
Ere part the right hand from the hilt ;
Power, less than Power that reigns above,
Shall wrench thee not—from me and love !'

“Dash go the spurs ! the circling steel
My courser's sides indignant feel ;

He champs his bit of foam ;
Then, tossing wide his sable mane,
Bounds fleetly to the chase again
With stifled snort and groan.

Scant be the distance now, I wot,
Between us and the castle-moat ;

A few brief moments more—
And love-less maid, and widowed wife,
This night of havoc and of strife

Might rue full long and sore ;
At least from toil, and steel of foes,
Dunorm would yield a safe repose

For once within its hall—
Though Dougal came the tower to sack,
With thousand warriors at his back,

We might defy them all !
Delusive hope ! my gallant steed
Maintained not long his headlong speed,
Till strength and spirit failed :

Poor brute ! his over-tortured might
The haste and burden of the night
Unwontedly had quailed ;
Nor angry voice—nor soothing tone—
Could faster urge, or cheer him on ;
Nor whip nor spur availed !

As onward we advanced—perforce
With tightened rein and slackened course—

By dark Glenfirmin's wood,
Returning from the breathless chase,
Lord Dougal and his hireling race
Full on our front, with doubling pace,

Came like a raging flood :
And now the boisterous cavalcade,
With sounding axe and ringing blade,
As if for deadly feud arrayed,

At half a spear's length stood.
Dauntless my trusty brand I drew :
' Make room ! make room, ye dastard crew,
For one not wont to be gainsayed,
Or, by Saint Col's enchanted blade,

He'll make his passage good !'
' Yield thee !'—the foremost horseman cried ;
My falchion's point his life blood dyed—

He fell a breathless corse :

‘Know, Evan Bane can never yield !
The second in his saddle reeled,
 Down thundered man and horse;—
Oft I essayed with blow and thrust,
As oft a foeman rolled in dust ;
But, ah, what could a single arm,
Though talismaned by beauty’s charm,
Against a host?—for love—for life—
I waged awhile the desperate strife ;
’T was vain—I fell—was left for dead—
And rescued was th’ unwilling maid !

“ Oh ! if, instead of darkness dun,
Had shone one ray of morning sun,
To guide my falchion on the foe,
And warn me of returning blow—
Not all that Pandemonian troop,
 By axe’s dint or sweep of blade,
 Had, for a passing instant, made
One feather of my plume to stoop !
No—fate had rung another chime,
And yet Christina had been mine !

“ When life and consciousness returned,
Think, Allan, how my bosom burned
 With mingled shame and ire :

Think, when I reached my native hall,
What visions did my sight appal ;
 And vengeance deep inspire !
Cold was the cheek of Duncan Bane—
Bloody his couch—his vassals slain—
Down was the bridge—no watch was kept—
The unsuspecting inmates slept—
They slept !—why, Heaven, slept thy thunder ?
It was their last—eternal slumber !
Fierce Dougal came—no arm was there
To shield my father's silver hair ;
The coward dagger, waving high,
Just flashed on his awakened eye,
And, guided by the hand of hate,
His heart's blood drank !—'t was all too late
To count his rosary—or pray ;
Unsained—unshriven passed his soul away !
Allan, thou weep'st ! I too could weep ;
But woes that to the surface creep,
Like lightning pass—mine are too deep
To force their way to cheek or eye,
Or heave their burden in a sigh ;—
No ! wound about my heart they lie ;
And, like the fabled Vampire, drain,
Unseen, the life blood from my vein,
And dart their venom to my brain !

I hope not—seek not—scorn relief,
I cannot—will not—share my grief:
All petty sympathies are gone—
I suffer—and I'll die—alone!
And unavenged? No, Allan, no!
A direful reckoning waits the foe:—
As Carthage' chief, in days of yore,
(If faith is due to classic lore)
Upon his country's altars swore
Eternal enmity and hate
Against the haughty Roman state—
And well in after times, I trow,
Fulfilled the measure of his vow.
So swore I, on my home's red hearth,
Invoking hell—and heaven—and earth,
By curse—anathema—and ban,
'Gainst Dougal and his fiendish clan,
VENGEANCE!—that vengeance has been ta'en
In part—and part is Evan's pain;—
The balance rests upon my blade,
And, yet, shall fearfully be paid!

“The lava, flung from Etna's burning mount,
And rolling o'er the green subjacent plain,
Blasts every herb and tree—seals up each fount,
No more to grow—no more to spring again;

And turns a scene, that once bloomed fresh and fair,
To a wild waste—black—desolate—and bare :
Thus changed my heart its character and hue—
Its shape—its thought—nay e'en its native tone—
And to a something—strange—inhuman, grew,
Stern, fixed, and desperate—isolated, one ;
Call it a rock—a furnace—what you will ;
I name it not—I know it woundeth still :—
Yet, as the lava-ground *one* feature shows ;
Blank, cheerless, dark, monotonous and dead—
While, underneath, rank vegetation glows,
Ferments and stirs with other life—though hid :
So my scorched heart—but, wherefore this to thee ?
I dream ! 't is weakness—madness—foolery !

“ Was ever Gael's revengeful prayer
Forgotten !—or dispersed in air ?
Maddened alike with grief and rage,
Each laggard moment seemed an age
Till I had sheathed—nay, do not start—
My falchion deep in Dougal's heart :
As if by fiery scorpion stung,
Out of the portal-arch I flung ;
And hurrying on, with dread intent,
All reckless how or where I went,
By chance, in Kintavorloch's glen,
I met a group of lawless men—

Wretches inured to blood and strife,
And counting naught of human life,
By fire—or axe—or dagger-knife ;—
From rage and habit of command
Fearless, I bade the villains stand ;
They stood—then to the list'ning band
I told my tale—each ruffian's eye
Flashed with a gleam of ecstasy ;
For, by coincidence of fate,
They too were bent, with deadly hate,
On Dougal's head to expiate
A leader's blood—late had he fallen
Beneath the steel of Craigendallen.
Nor glance alone their feelings spoke ;
In shouts of joy their triumph broke ;
O, yet on my ear the loud notes dwell
Of the wild hurrah—the whoop—the yell,
That pealed, in thunders, from each tongue,
Till the woods of Pentanviechan rung,
And Correöich's red deer sprung
From their leafy lair—as if huntsman's horn
Waking too soon the rosy morn,
Had on the bickering gale been borne !
'T was maniac mirth ;—but to be brief,
The raidsmen hailed me as their chief :
' Vengeance, the war-cry ! lead us on !
Craigendallen's tower shall be lost and won,

Ere the wreathy mist, on yon mountain dun,
Shall be scattered in air by the morning sun ;
And the corse of its master, in fragments riven,
Shall gorge the eagle 'twixt earth and heaven !'

“What! marvel'st thou that I should stoop
To be the leader of a troop
Of base banditti?—simple boy!
Thou know'st not yet the thrilling joy
That bounds, like fire, along the veins,
When blood for blood atonement claims!
The feelings of revenge are deep,
And lull the loftiest pride asleep;
Thought, act, and place—however low—
Revenge will seize, and cringe and bow
Before them—if one step they tend
To waft it nearer to its end!
So felt I—and so all have felt
Who e'er slung claymore in a belt,
Or ever soiled blue-bonnet's feather
Among the dews of Highland heather;—
Banditti? by the Rood! I'd led,
That night, a phalanx of the dead,
All skeletoned from heel to head,
With winding sheet for banner spread;
Nay—if the fearful truth I tell—
A subsidy of fiends from hell,

To bring that miscreant son of guilt
Within the compass of my hilt:
I argued not—but sprung to my post,
At the head of this grim and dauntless host;
Bared was my blade—and, in furious tone,
I echoed the war-word—Vengeance! on!

“Dark, as our purpose, was the hour,
When onward we hied to Dougal’s tower;
’T was midnight—and the starless sky
Frowned like sepulchral canopy.
Not a gleam, in pity or in wrath,
Was shed upon our trackless path,
 To light us to the foe;
But a pitchy brand, from the pine tree cast
In the sweeping fury of the blast,
Gave promise that, ere night was past;
 A beacon-flame would glow;
Which, more than meteor—moon or star,—
Or boreal streamer seen afar—
Or comet ominous of war,
Would gild the heights of steep Ben-Vhaar,
 And melt his cap of snow!
With noiseless tread and hearts of doom,
Forward we hurried through the gloom;
Nor lacked we long a guide—by heaven! ⁽⁶⁾
Though not to silly flesh-quakes given,

When recollection speeds her flight
Back on the vision of that night,

How throbs my bursting brain !
Each dizzied sense with horror reels—
Pulsation flags—my life blood steals
Along its course—then curls and wheels,
As if a thousand living eels

Were writhing in each vein !

Allan, I see it yet,—it came
At first a circling globe of flame,
Hissing, and rolling, and blazing on
Our else benighted path—anon
A human head it seemed—its look
Had in it what few eyes might brook,
Unscathed—and then it grinning, shook
A mass of bloody hair ;—*that* past,
Another form it took as fast ;
And like the fingers on the wall
Of proud Belshazzar's banquet hall,
It grew a huge gigantic hand,
Wielding a two-edged fiery brand
In threat'ning guise—an unknown dread
Upheaved the helmet from my head ;
My corslet almost burst—my knees
Shivered like leaflets in the breeze—
I felt my inmost vitals freeze ;—

At last this shape, of darkness born,
Changed to a female's ghastly form,
And darting upwards with a scream,
Vanished like spectre in a dream.

Speechless and spell-bound with affright,
Just on the spot where sunk in night
The haggard shape, with straining sight
Gazing I stood—till faint and dim,
As if invoked by wizard grim,

Or reared by ghostly prayer,
Before my phantom-stricken eyes
Lo, Craigendallen's turrets rise

And pierce the dusky air !
Not a ray of light, from lamp or torch,
Flickered in window, loop hole, or porch ;
And broken by no murmuring sound,
A death-like stillness reigned around,

As naught of life were there ;
Suspended passion waked anew,
And palsied fear to fury grew :
' Wild phantasms of the brain, avaunt !

Back to your native hell ;
Souls of the brave ye may not daunt,
Nor arm of vengeance quell !
They sleep ! the monsters sleep ! ' I cried ;
And die they as my kinsmen died ;

Comrades ! they knew not how to spare
Or beardless youth, or hoary hair,
 Or gentle maidenhood ;
Shame not the lesson they have taught,
But give the hounds a sleeping draught,
 The recipe—their blood !
Down with the drawbridge !'—quick as thought,
Rippled in waves the castle moat ;
Few strokes suffice to gain the walls ;
Clang bolt and chain—the drawbridge falls
 And spans the lazy flood ;—
O ! never did the joyous ghost
Of Mussulman more proudly boast,
When, dread Al-Sirat's cobweb crossed, ⁽⁷⁾
He stood in fields of Paradise
And sunned himself in Hourî's eyes !
Than I, when Dougal's hanging arch
Lay backward on our vengeful march,
And the rent gate-posts of the tower
In fragments strewed the sounding floor,
 And in the hall I stood :
'T is come ! the hour of vengeance hight !'
Around I glance, as tiger might
Of cubs bereaved—no living wight
Was seen or heard—naught met the sight,
But empty wine-cup—flagon drained—

And bench o'erturned—and table stained—
And shattered lamp—and goblet maimed—

Fair signs of wassel rude !

On the drenched hearth a fagot lay,
Whose last gleams, languishing away,
Scarce showed the scene of wild deray.

'Ho ! light the brand !' the pine tree glares
On wall and roof—we mount the stairs—

We fly from room to room ;

From castle-base to leaded steep,
'T was vacance all—'t was silence deep
As that which binds eternal sleep,

Or waits the eve of doom ;

Save where it scared and frightened fled
The echoes of our hurried tread,

As on the search we bouned !

Vain search, again we downward rush,
And, with one simultaneous crush,

Into the hall we pressed :

'Saint Col ! the villains 'scape alive !
Fury and death, we'll fire the hive,

And smoke the hornets' nest !'

Sooner than said, a burning brand,
Grasped by no weak or timorous hand,
The ceiling sought—around we stand,

Like falcons keen at gaze ;

Till kindling, bursts the timber dry,
And sparks and fiery fragments fly,
As mounts the element on high—

The hall is in a blaze!

Fell ruin now each moment gains
New strength—now higher mount the flames—

They lick the topmost floor ;
And now they rend the rocking roof,
Now rear their curling crests aloof,

Mid crack, and crash, and roar ;
From every window, loop, and hole,
The piping flames their fury roll,

And, still ascending higher ;
At last, in one huge column play,
And to our raptured eyes display

A mass of living fire !

Then felt Ben-Vhaar a torrid glow,
And doffed his cap of endless snow ;
Dissolved in trickling streams it fell

Adown his furrowed steeps—
Bright fancy's frolic child might tell,

The hoary giant weeps ;
Ben-Vhaar's proud eagles saw the sight,
And startled, at the dead of night

A solar warmth respire ;

And, drawn by instinct or amaze,
They dart, wheel, scream, amid the blaze,
And in the flame expire.
Oh ! vengeance might have perished then,
Had bloody Dougal and his men
Enhanced the glowing pyre !
Black be that night those ruthless thieves
Conspired to *drive* their neighbours' beeves !
Be hid both moon and star !
For ne'er may such an hour be sped
To wreak my wrongs on Dougal's head ;
And ne'er may such a light be seen
On Craigendallen's Castle-green,
Or summit of Ben Vhaar !

'What sound from the western turret breaks !
Poh ! 't is the eagle's scream ;
No, 't is a lady's anguished shrieks,
And piteous moan between !
'T is the dash of the mountain stream ;
Hush—list those shrieks—that moan again,
Wrung from a heart in fear and pain !
'T is no distempered dream :—
With lovely arms and bosom bare,
And parted lips, and streaming hair,
At yonder casement stands

Christina!—wild her eyeballs glare,
She looks the image of despair,
 And clasps her lily hands;
She speaks—oh, 't is a maniac raves!
Her voice is like the broken waves
That shriek and moan within their caves
 On Zetland's rocky shore;—
Yet, through surrounding smoke and flame,
At fearful intervals there came
The accents of my still-loved name,
 And pierced my bosom's core:
"Love! Evan! yes—I know—he'll save
Christina—from—a—burning grave—
Evan! no—did he? yes—he died
In my—defence—his—own—true bride—
I—loved him—loved?—this heart can tell—
I loved—him—too—alas!—too well"
 The voice was heard no more;
Beyond the reach of mortal aid,
A moment stood the hopeless maid,
 Then sunk the crashing floor;
And tumbling roof, and raft, and beam,
Soon closed the yawning space between:
Oh, Allan! in that point of time,
What crowds of scorpion-thoughts were mine!
Athwart my wayward spirit then.
Swept ages of eternal pain;—

I had no speech—my pangs were deep ;
I tried—but could not move, nor weep ;
I stood—all fixedly and mute,
As if my feet in earth had root ;
Till froze my blood—and swam my sight ;
 I stagger'd—sunk—and fell :
Nor of that wild and fearful night
 Aught more can memory tell :—
Blest—blest, perchance—had ne'er again,
Life's fluttering pulse-beat swelled my vein ! ”

The outlaw leaned upon his hand ;
 He pressed his throbbing brow ;
Convulsively he sought his brand,
 And grasped the hilt—but now
'T is past—he checked the bursting sigh,
And dashed the moisture from his eye
 Before it wet his cheek ;
Stern—though subdued—he might not bear
That simple page should mark the tear
Of agony which struggled there,
 And deem his spirit weak :—
Again his brow in clouds is furled ;
Again his lip of scorn is curled ;
Again his eye shot wrath and dede,
While thus he hurried o'er his rede :

“Months rolled away, years went and came,
Yet died not Vengeance’ deadly flame,
Nor blunted was her dart ;
Out ! on the dastards who forego
Degrading word, or angry blow,
Or blood of kinsmen spilt by foe,—
Ghost of Fingal ! they little know
A Highland chieftain’s heart !
The slender brook of Dunnifaiss
May join the fierce Glen-Awe ;
And Melforvoonie leave its place
And rest on Largo-Law ;
Ere from the bosom of the Gael
Revenge shall part ! But to my tale :

“Craigdallen’s tower in ruins lay,
Room—donjon—keep—and hall ;
And showed naught of a chieftain’s sway
But scorched and blackened wall.
Dougal had gone—I know not where,
Although I sought him, keen and true
As ever hound did stag pursue,
I ne’er could track him to his lair ;
Worse fared his serfs, who braved mine ire,
And rashly lagg’d behind ;
Themselves and huts I gave to fire,
Their ashes to the wind ;

It glads me still, in fancy's ear
By day—or in a dream—
The varied notes of woe to hear,
That graced the burning scene ;
From manhood's deep and stifled groan,
And sob, and burst, and struggling moan,
To woman's wilder, shriller tone,
And infant's dying scream !
Yes, timid boy ! my food was crime ;
So fell a fiend I grew,
My comrades' deeds compared to mine
Might seem of saintly hue !
What boot'st ?—one prayer by churchman passed,⁽⁶⁾
Remorse shall gnaw my heart in vain,
And freed from every guilty stain,
My soul shall mount to heaven at last :
Yet, yet the poor revenge—though due—
Wreak'd on that vassal horde,
I proudly scorn—nay, almost rue,
Till on my vengeful sword
In duell'd strife—or banded shock
Of mingled battle-field, shall smoke
The life blood of their lord :
Nor if yon beams, from helm and spear,
That late on Lorven did appear,

Had aught of truth, long shall I wait,
 In dire suspense that hour of fate—
 Once front to front let me but stand,
 And measure weapons hand to hand,
 With Dougal and his hireling band !
 Then—curse upon my falchion light,
 Though one against a host,
 If in the issue of that fight,
 The fiend have cause to boast !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

“Haste I my lenthened tale to close :
 (For sad and dark the river flows
 Whose bosom bears a freight of woes)—
 Abandoned as I was, I caught
 No kindred ray of soul
 From those with whom I dwelt, no thought
 To mitigate my dole,
 The knaves no higher luxury sought
 Than lust or wassel bowl.
 Not so with me ! the joys of wine
 Or woman’s love no longer mine—

They on that awful night expired,
When Craigendallen's tower was fired,
And ne'er could wit nor jovial strain
Attune my heart to mirth again.
Oft would I leave that menial throng,
Mid ribald jest, and shout, and song,
And stray, in solitary mood,
When shone the silver-crested moon,
Or ere the sun had reached his noon,
Adown the skirts of Callioch wood ;
But it was not to list the streamlet's flow,
Nor to mark the wilding flowerets blow,
Nor to catch from sun, or moon, or sky,
One smile to cheer my destiny,
That I wandered alone 'neath the sombre yews
Of Callioch glen—no ! 't was but to muse,
From ruffian eye and voice apart,
On the master-passion that ruled my heart,
And to cherish its flame in my inmost soul,
With keener zest—and without control !

“ Scarce had to-day's unclouded sun
The fourth part of his circuit won,
When scorning revelry and noise
Of bandits, and their brutish joys,

In more than wonted gloom of mood
I sought the side of Callioch wood ;
Forebodings of impending ill
Weighed on my heart without the will ;
The curse of murdered Ellen Dhu
Rushed on my burning brain anew,—
I felt as if infernal hate
Were winding up the thread of fate.
Desperate in soul, and dark in look,
I flung me by the babbling brook,
And traced with wild and livid eye,
The bubbles as they floated by :—
Gaily they ride the wave awhile,
And sparkle in the sun's bright smile,
Till quick as darts the electric beam,
They burst—and mingle with the stream ;
For ever gone their rainbow-dyes,
No more the air-blown circlets rise,
Yet holding still th' illusive chase,
New bubbles soon supply their place ;
Like them to dance and gleam at first—
Like them at last in air to burst.
True emblem of my by-gone years !
I thought—the thought had waked my tears,
But for the fire that filled mine eye,
And scorched the liquid fountain dry ;

But for the pride that swelled my soul,
And would not let that fountain roll.

“While thus, in reverie profound,
Listless I sat—the dying sound
Of huntsman’s bugle echoed through

Lone Calloch’s stern ravine :

I started up—my falchion drew,
And listed if, perchance, again
The blast might be renewed—in vain ;
Nature lay hushed in wood and glen,

As if no sound had been ;

Nor prancing steed, nor hounds, nor men,

Or far or near were seen :—

Methought ’t was but the beetle boomed,
And straight my vacant task resumed,
Chasing the bubbles and the foam,
As down the tide they hurried on ;
And moralizing—as I might—
Upon the fleet and rapid flight
Of all that bids man joy, or fear,
Or wakes a smile, or starts a tear ;
And brooding o’er the ceaseless strife
That marked my short, eventful life.
Not often thus I deigned to cast
An eye of calmness on the past ;

Or—if I did—the lesson taught
Was by a storm of madness bought.
Could mind, so deep and dark of hue
As mine, such cheerless theme pursue?
No! ill accorded pensive strain
With restless heart and heated brain:
I rose—and took my cave-ward path,
With cheek of flame and eye of wrath;
For vengeance, with unwonted ire,
Shot through my veins like molten fire;
But *where* to quench it? cursed thought!
Away! a victim must be sought,
Guilty or not!—the nice-drawn line
'T wixt right and wrong is folly's chime;
When passion reaches nature's bound,
An outlet must perforce be found:
So reasoned I—so reason all
Who yield themselves to passion's thrall;
Or deaf to wisdom's voice in youth,
In after years grow blind to truth;
And shrink, if chance it strike their sight,
Like owlets from the noon-tide light;
Nor feel a brief respite from pain
Till plunged in mental gloom again.—
Allan, I once, with other fools,
Could wield the weapons of the schools;

And prove that yon majestic moon
Was mouth-piece of Llewellyn's spoon,
Transferred to heaven mid peals of thunder,
Some twenty centuries or more
Ere ocean-billows learned to roar.

(See Ap Idwallo's "*Tales of Wonder*."
But I digress—a time there was—
It is not now—e'en let it pass.

"Gained I the outskirts of the wood,
When midway on the opening track,
In attitude to warn me back,
A haggard form before me stood.
I paused—it was not pause of fear,
But awe of sudden phantom near :
I gazed—till on my vision grew
The murdered ghost of—Ellen Dhu !
Her head a tattered kerchief bound,
Her blood-stained tresses swept the ground—
One fleshless arm she raised on high,
A fiendish light was in her eye,
And on her lip a withering smile,
As thus she taunted me the while :
'Deem'dst thou yon was the beetle's hum,
Or cadence faint of random gun
That boomed along the glen ?

Ill-fated scion of Dunorm !

'T was the dying note of Dougal's horn—

He comes with all his men !

Ere this, by fagot or by steel,

Thy ruffian band his fury feel ;

And thou ! thy luckless race is run !

Ne'er shall the beams of matin sun

Glance on thy helm again !

Yet vengeance shall be thine ! but *how*—

It suits me not to tell thee now ;

Yon sable steed thy hand doth wait,

Mount him ! he 'll bear thee to thy fate !'

This said—she shook her blood-stained hair,

And mingled with the forest air.

“ I turned me quick beneath the shade

By an old bushy oak-tree made,

The charger which beside thee stands,

With mane and bridle in thy hands,

Fell on my startled sight ;

Proudly he tossed his stately head,

The earth he stamped with thund'ring tread,

His eye flashed livid light ;

And his loud neigh—or else I dreamed—

Had more of laugh than steed beseemed.

Reckless of aught, save vengeance near,
I mounted—without dread or fear,
I loosed with willing hand the rein,
And laid it on his flowing mane;
Forward he sprung with speed of light,
And bore me—careless where he might.
Thou know'st the rest—on this green glade
My debt to Dougal must be paid !

“ Hark ! heard'st thou not that bugle's knell ?
There's music in its rising swell—
'T is Dougal's ! yes—I know it well.
Heaven sends the monster to my steel ;
Now—now shall many a horseman reel,
 And press a gory bed !
Now shall the bounding pulse of guilt
Drench with red dew my falchion's hilt :
Fly !—stay ! I 've one bequest to make :
And sleep or rest thou must not take,
 Till be thine errand sped ! ”

The outlaw here, with desperate hand,
Tore from his neck a silken band ;
 And from his bosom drew
 An ivory case ;—a shudder crossed
His manly frame, as if a ghost
 Had risen on his view ;

A moment only was it shook—
But, with an altered tone and look,
As if aroused from painful dream,
He hurriedly pursued his theme :

“Allan, there is an ancient pile
In famed Iona's lonely isle,
Where such as scorn this world's abode,
Self-banished give their days to God,
And win a passage to the sky
By other modes than thou or I:
Thither, ere yon pale moon-shine wane
In sunlight—ask for Julia Bane ;
Thou'lt know her by her open brow,
Her curling lip and neck of snow ;
Her hazel eye and locks of brown
Are softer rivals of thine own ;
Hear me ! no parley with her face !
Bow, and present this ivory case ;
Tell her thou brought'st it from her brother !
It holds the portrait of her mother.
Tell her—No ! pride the boon denies—
As Evan lived, so Evan dies !
Away ! Away !”

Scarce Allan took

And kiss'd the pledge with speechless look,
When from dark Vhorna's wood appears
A lengthened line of threatening spears,
All in the *rest* of horsemen laid,
As if in act to scour the glade;
It needed but one bugle-peal,
To stir each shaft and raise each heel,
And wake to life that hedge of steel !
The pause was awful, lightnings fly
From the full glance of Evan's eye ;
Erect he stood, and in his face
A child the warrior might trace :
Pale grew the little Page as death,
Fain would he speak—he gasps for breath—
And, oh ! the anguish of his look
Few mortal hearts might beat and brook ;
Round Evan's waist his arm now clung—
As quickly was it backward flung,

But not in rage or scorn :

' Heed not for me, my pretty boy !
The hour of strife 's an hour of joy
To one of hope forlorn ;
Death I have dared full many a time,
With firm undaunted brow,

In trench and field, in foreign clime,
When thousand sword blades rung on mine,
And shall I fear him now ?

No ! haste and fly ! yon stern array
Of spearmen asks no boyish play ;
The arm alone of Evan Bane
Must yon presumptuous hirelings tame ;—
Saint Col ! so glorious a sight

Might dying warrior view,
'T would nerve his sinews to the fight,

And parting life renew ;
O, how I long to quell its might !
Adieu—adieu—adieu !

Wildly the page's hand he wrung,
And fiercely to the saddle sprung ;
Then wrenching forth his pond'rous blade,
His steed he spurr'd, and o'er the glade
Like winged arrow flew !

That trembling page is on his knees,
His bonnet on the ground ;
His long brown hair streams on the breeze,
His vest is all unbound—
And bursting from the silk below
Escape two panting breasts of snow.
Too late the secret is betrayed ;
And Allan kneels, confest—a maid !

'T was Julia ! breathless and aghast ⁽⁹⁾
She raised the sacred token ;
One word : ' my brother ! '—'t is her last—
The silver chord is broken ;—
Ah, never again shall her magic smile
Gladden the monks of Iona's isle !
Never again shall her hazel eye
Beam on its wild rock, flood, or sky ;
And never again shall her seraph tone,
Like a still small voice from heaven,
Fall on the heart that is sin-struck—and lone—
And whisper, ' thou wilt be forgiv'n ! '
Her spirit hath gone to the land unseen—
And her corse lies cold on Vhorna's green !
Where, where is Evan ? heard he not
That voice of sister dear,
Which might an Afric tiger's foot
Have stayed in mid career ;
Or drawn an angel to the spot,
From his celestial sphere ?
He heard it not—right on he held
His firm and fearless course ;
Shrilly the foemen's bugle knelled,
And forward darts each horse ;
They meet—a circling group of spears
Hem the bold outlaw round,

Shorn by his blade, like ripened ears,
 Their steel heads strew the ground ;
And through the serried line he bears
 His steed with furious bound.
He bore it through—but not to fly,
 About he swiftly wheeled ;
His trenchant weapon flamed on high ;
 Helms sunk and horsemen reeled—
A score of headless corses lie
 Already on the field,
And sinking shaft and fearful eye
 Might tell the caitiffs yield :
' Round him again ! ' fierce Dougal cries,
 Ye dastards bear him down,
The craven wretch who flinches—dies,
 Wear he a frock or gown.'
Fresh foes once more, with points of steel,
Around the dauntless outlaw wheel ;
 They push and thrust in vain ;
As powerless is their desperate shock,
 To bear him to the plain,
As feathered foam against a rock,
 Or drops of summer rain !
High in his stirrup Evan stood,
 His eye like meteor beamed ;
And o'er his head, in wrathful mood,
 His awful falchion gleamed ;

Down—down it came, on right and left,
Quick as the lightning's sheen ;
Again the spear-heads sheerly cleft,
Rung lightly on the green ;
And twice ten trunks of life bereft,
Again on earth were seen—
' Vengeance is mine,' he sternly cried,
And gave a slackened rein ;
His trusty blade he warmly plied,
And spurred his steed amain ;
At every stroke a foeman dyed
With his best blood the plain ;
Till, of that naughty host of pride,
Who still 'tween croup and pommel ride—
And cut, and thrust, and dint abide,
And yet his giant power defied—
If chance might turn the battle's tide—
But half a score remain !
' Vengeance is mine ! the tongue of doom
Hath told it to the ear of noon,
In syllables of hell !
Or sword, or battle-axe, or spear,
In vain against my life ye rear ;
In vain ye tempt the arm of fate ;
Ha ! murd'rous cowards, 't is too late !'
Again his falchion fell—

It fell, like crashing bolt of thunder
When it rends the forest oaks asunder ;
And ere another voice was sped,
Save *one*, that host lay stark and dead !

And who in saddle kept the field,
Too proud to fly—ashamed to yield ?
 'T was Craigdallen's chief ;
Stout was his heart, and firm his eye,
In many a bloody field gone by ;
Yet who now raised his glance on high
The Dougal's sable plume might spy,
 Shake like an autumn leaf.

It was not fear !—well Evan Bane
 Craigdallen's chieftain knew
Had never shrunk on listed plain ;
And for an instant checked the rein,
 And tight the curb he drew :
The hour was come ! brief space for words—
They gazed awhile, those Highland lords,
Now on themselves—now on their swords—
 And then on the moonlit sky ;
No sound fell from their lips, no prayer—
But a fierce and unrepentant glare
 Burned in each vengeful eye ;

For they knew, by the voice of unerring doom,
Ere the nearest cloud passed o'er the moon,
That the one or both should die ;
And they deemed—as the load of unwashed guilt
Came back on their souls, of the blood they had spilt,
'T were as good to kneel to their weapons' hilt
As on heaven for mercy cry ;—
Dread was the pause—and breathless—and deep ;
Yet it must not—could not last—
'T was the terrible stillness of nature's sleep
Ere wakes on her bosom the roaring sweep
Of the wild tornado blast !
That deep—that dreadful pause is broke,
Though never a word the foeman spoke ;
'T was the rush of steed, and the clash of blade,
That stirred the silence of the glade,
As in fearful feud they close ;
Loud ring their helms and their clanging mail ;
And thick as falls the wintry hail
When the heavens in wrath the earth assail,
Descend the deadly blows :
Each hand was skilled—each heart was steel ;
They push, they strike, they bound, they wheel—
And by fits, in their saddles start and reel,
While their blood in torrents flows ;

'T were a practised eye that might tell which chief
Would keep the field—yet the work was brief,

As behooved so furious strife.

The cause was a lawful Highland boast,

A father slain, and a daughter lost ;

The issue—death or life !

Ah ! Dougal, Dougal, guard thee well,

Thou 'rt on the eve of doom ;

Oh ! call to thy aid some word or spell,

For the outlaw's falchion keen and fell,

Hangs o'er thy sable plume !

'T is fallen—as lightning falls from heaven—

But the pond'rous blade is in splinters riven ;

And the shivering fragments dance and gleam,

Like meteors in the clear moon beam ;—

The combat 's o'er, I rede :

As quick as the gier, from his rock above,

Stoops down on the weak and timorous dove ;

So quick from the stirrup, the outlaw leant—

A shaft supplies his need ;

Yet, yet his unguarded spine is bent—

Speed, Craigendallen, speed !

Thy breath is hung on a flimsy hair—

Strike, when thy foeman's back is bare ;

No tell-tale lip can whisper, *where*—

In a bout like this all blows are fair ;

And doughty were the deed !

Why strikes he not?—has the outlaw's dint
Turned heart, and hand, and eye to flint?
'That eye of flame is fixed and dead;
That hand its latest blow hath sped;
The pulse of that heart will throb again never—
Around it the life blood is settled—for ever!
And down from his war-horse, brave Dougal hath
rolled—
To feast the proud eagles that scream in the wold!

What, ho! away the outlaw's steed
Through glade and forest reels;
Away, away! with the hurricane's speed,
It asks nor whip nor heels;
Nor waits its rider's will or choice,
Nor stays his urging hand nor voice;
Loud—loud is its laugh, and loud its neigh,
As through wold and brake it bolts away;
Fast—fast from its hoofs the sparks arise,
As o'er hill and dale it bounds and flies;
It stopped not at stone—nor boggled at flood—
It leaped the pass—and it threaded the wood—
And away, away! it posted and flew,
Till the towering crag of Diechan-Rhu
Shut tramp and steed from ear and view!

And while its hoof on the mountains rung,
Was the fate of its rider all unsung
By water sprite or fay ?
I vouch not the truth—but old Martyn Dale
Was ever wont to say,
That a ghostly voice was heard on the gale
Which swept through the hollows of Vhorna's vale,
In mingled tones of anger and wail,
Trilling this roundelay :

VOICE.

Ride on, ride on !
Over stock—over stone,
Right fleet is thy steed, I trow ;
But soon—ah ! soon
Shall ride o'er thy plume,
The billow and wild sea mew !

In the depths of the lake
'T is mine to make,
By the mermaid's noisome cave,
'Mong the sea-weed green—
Down—down afar,
Where never comes beam
Of moon or star—
Thy dark and fathomless grave !

Behold thy shroud,
Like a thin white cloud,
Floats over the dusky wave!
I must haste and make—
Ere the mist is borne,
From the breast of the lake
Or the brow of morn—
Thy dark and fathomless grave!

No eye shall be there,
To drop a tear;
Not an arm, thy head to pillow;
No voice of friend,
With the soothing tone,
To cheer thy end;
Thou shalt die alone—
And sleep 'neath the stormy billow!

Ride on! ride on!
Over stock—over stone;
Full fleet is thy steed, I trow;
In the studs of hell,
Is its native stall—
'T will bear thee right well
Through billows and all,
To thy home 'neath the waters blue;—

Then, a long farewell
To the blasting spell
And "The curse of—Ellen Dhu!"

CONCLUSION.

The moon light gleamed on St. Mary's tower,
And slept in St. Mary's well—
The clock in the turret had chimed the hour,
Which wakens the vesper-bell ;
And the cowl-covered monks, with pensive air,
Were slowly gliding to evening prayer—
To whisper their sins, and their beads to tell !

The abbot had knelt at the holy shrine,
His outspread hands were raised,
His lips had breathed the name divine,
And the beadsmen meekly gazed
On the upturned eye of the hoary saint,
Which never a cloud of sin might taint,

Oh, Lady Mother ! what sound from the gate
Sweeps through the cloister dim ?
What pilgrim knocks so loud and late,
And breaks on their vesper hymn ?

Why start the monks, with sudden affright,
And look so wildly aghast ?
Why quivers the flame of the taper's light,
As if blown by the winter's blast ?

Again a deaf'ning clang is heard,
And shook is every cowl ;
Each trembling brother strokes his beard,
And fearfully sains his soul.

Again—again, a thundering peal
Burst bolts, and bars, and all,
And a warrior braced in burnished steel,
Rushed into the Abbey-hall :—

As cower the doves on Lindor-Pen,
When the eagle swims on high—
So sunk the gaze of these holy men
'Neath the flash of that warrior's eye ;—

Not a word he spoke—on a broken lance,
All hack'd and stained with gore,
He leaned his arm—while his blood-shot glance
Was bent on the chequer'd floor ;
'T was silent all—as the house of death—
And the boldest beadsman held his breath ;

For never had such a dread form before
Darken'd the light of Saint Mary's door !

Awhile the stalwart stranger stood,
Unmoved as the Arctic Pole ;
And ever and aye, big drops of blood
Adown his bright armour stole ;

Yet keen and shrewd might be the eye
Which fell on his cheek so thin,
And his visage pale—and could think to espy
One trace of what passed within :
Thoughts might they be of good or ill—
But his features were fixed as marble still ;
And though groans of horror beside him arose,
Unchanged was the calm of his lips' repose ;—

A moment more—and he glared around,
His withering look on the abbot turned ;
His voice as he spoke had no earthly sound,
And his troubled eye like wold-fire burned !

“ Come shrive me, shrive me, ghostly man !
Come purge my sins with speed ;
For ere yon moon-beams melt in the dawn,
I must mount my coal-black steed ;
And he must hold no mortal rein
Who ventures to ride with—Evan Bane ! ”

Saint Mary's image is pale and wan,
A frown is on her brow :
" Away ! away ! thou wretched man,
No hope awaits thee now ;
Lo ! heaven itself denies the gift
Such horrid guilt as thine to shrift !

" If mercy there be—go, mercy seek
At the foot of yon holy shrine ;
Let the tear of repentance bedew thy cheek,
And grace may yet be thine ! "

" Is this thine answer, grey-beard hound,
To the victim of stern despair ?
And have I the fate of life's guilty round
Reposed on an abbot's prayer ? "

The bell in the northern tower struck—" one,"
The lights waxed faint and blue ;
" Ha ! ha ! " the outlaw cried, " 't is done ! "
And out at the porch he flew.
And suddenly rose a frightful yell,
As if from a thousand fiends of hell ;
The vaults of the abbey seemed to groan—
The trampling of hoofs was heard anon—
And these words came back on the wind the while,
" My death-curse light on Saint Mary's pile ! "

'That night, an hour or two past gloaming,
Old Martyn Dale by chance was roaming
Near Dinomara's haunted tree,
When a warrior on a sable steed,
His pathway crossed with furious speed ;
A blood-dark plume waved on his crest,
And a broken lance he held in rest—
Sad wreck of the rider's chivalry.

No stop nor stay the charger made,
It scoured Glenfeoch's gloomy glade,
And swallowed Torfin lea ;
Ginlargo's gully, broad and deep,
It by one fearful, desperate leap,
Behind the saddle flung ;
And now it skimmed the Kelpie's quag ;
And now it neared Tonfillin's crag,
Which o'er Loch Strathane hung.

'T is almost reached—the horseman threw,
And pulled with might and main ;
Fast and more fast the courser flew,
In spite of curb and rein ;
Oh, for a power with speed of light,
To check that courser's dizzying flight !
Alas ! 't is all in vain !

Another bound—it gains the steep—
'Tis o'er—it plunges in the deep ;
Flashed for an instant the white sea-foam,
But the coal-black steed and its rider were gone ;
And sullenly murmured the waves of Strathane
The dirge of the outlaw—Evan Bane !

Yet yearly, on that fatal night,
'T is said—beneath the moon's pale light,
Or stars' less vivid sheen—
That warrior-knight, on a coal-black steed,
Which flies with more than lightning's speed,
Is by the peasants seen,
Careering 'twixt Saint Mary's gate
And dread Tonfillin's awful height ;
But lighter now is that horse's hoof—
If heard it be at all—
Than lady's step on brodered woof
That gildeth princely hall ;
And its rushing more soft than the rustling whilk
Is flung from the foldings of lady's silk,
As she swims through the mazy ball.

Again it threads Glenfeoch's gloom,
Green Torfin lea is measured soon,

Ginlargo's gully yawns no more,
The Kelpie's quag is hurried o'er,
It bounds again Tonfillin's steep,
And melts away in the lonely deep :
While a voice, as it vanishes, roars amain—
“ Sing mass for the soul of—Evan Bane ! ”

NOTES

TO

EVAN BANE.

Note 1—page 15.

“ The voice of the sea-bird wakened no more
The shrill echoes along the caverned shore ;
The eagle had flown to his storm-girt nest,
And his death-boding scream was hushed to rest.”

For the sake of juvenile students of natural history, we confess that we are not so intimately conversant with the *minutiæ* of ornithology as to know the precise time at which the eagle and other wild fowl retire to rest ; we have heard, however, the notes of the sea bird to a very late hour, and even during the night. The slight anachronism, therefore, (if we may be allowed to term it such), which we have committed, by dismissing these individuals of the feathered tribe to their nests *before* sunset, must be regarded as a poetic license, not as a scientific or natural fact.

2—page 20.

“ While publicans, with less of state,
Are found of much superior weight.”

Some of our readers, we doubt not, will be a point wiser when informed that the “ publicans” of ancient times were inferior collectors of the Roman tribute in the provinces of Judea. They were accounted most oppressive thieves and pickpockets ; and, consequently, were held by the Jews in the utmost abhorrence.

Note 3—page 29.

“Some Exquisite may haply say,
With more of scornfulness than play.”

Dandies may not be displeased—perhaps they will be gratified—to learn that they can lay claim to very high antiquity. We can assure them, from indubitable authority, that the race of semi-monkeys existed—in *re*, though not exactly *in modo*, nor in so great number as at present—long before the invention of check shirts, high collars, whalebone corsets, jemmy whips, or bushy whiskers. But how will modern Exquisites stare, when they are credibly assured that the Dandies of antiquity (only fancy the hideous creatures!) occasionally wore *brains* under their *chapeaux*? Thanks to the march of intellect, their descendants have discovered the ingenious art of relieving their skulls from this distressing encumbrance, by permitting it to luxuriate into such a profusion of shaggy heath, that the veriest simpleton cannot possibly mistake the quality of the soil it springs from!

4—page 48.

“The griffin lies rent and torn.”

The griffin refers to a fabulous animal in the armorial bearings of the fictitious house of Bane, and is here alluded to as depicted on the castle banner, or rather as denoting, figuratively, the banner itself.

5—page 49.

“Sustained by power of magnetcy.”

It will not be a piece of information to the historical reader, that the followers of Mahomet pretend that the coffin of this grand impostor hangs suspended, in his burial-room or vault, at Mecca, between two huge magnets. *Credat Judæus!*

Note 6—page 60.

“Nor lacked we long a guide—by heaven!”

The deliberate breach of a divine precept can admit of no apology. The reader, therefore, it is hoped, will as freely condemn, as we do sincerely regret, the appeal to heaven in the line above quoted, with all similar expressions which may have inadvertently escaped us. Swearing, however modified, has our unqualified reprobation.

7—page 63.

“When dread Al Sirat’s cobweb crossed.”

The arch of Al Sirat, overhanging a flood of flame, is the Mahometan’s delightful thoroughfare into Paradise, and is said to be as tenuous as a thread of gossamer. It is therefore problematic whether any of the prophet’s disciples—*not* a most accomplished ropedancer—has ever yet been fortunate enough to cross it. By substituting a “cobweb” for this invisible filament (we could not avoid it) the passage across the fiery gulf is rendered comparatively easy. We regret the necessity which compelled us to make this improvement, as we would rather wish that the flimsy bridge were broken down altogether, and that every deluded *true believer* would choose a safer and surer pathway to heaven.

8—page 70.

“What boot’s’t—one prayer by churchman passed.”

Evan Bane, it will be noticed, is of popish persuasion. Of his religion and morality we cannot approve, and heaven forbid we should be thought to recommend either of them to the imitation of others, especially the preposterous sentiment contained in this and the three lines immediately succeeding.

Note 9—page 82.

“T was Julia ! breathless and aghast.”

We have selected this name because, somehow or other, above all others, it seems invariably linked to something unhappy. In all the novels and romances we have thought worthy of perusal, or have often perused without thinking of at all, wherever Julia formed a character she was sure to be unfortunate:—for instance, Julia Mandeville, Julia de Roubigné, Julia Vermont, Julia Trevors, *et cetera*. In real life, too, (which is no romance, but a stern matter of fact), we are acquainted with several Julias—slightly, intimately, or by report—all of whom suffer, more or less, the penalty attached to this fatal vocable; but here it would be invidious to adduce examples. Nor does its weird influence appear to be at all modified in men:—witness Julius Cæsar, Julian the Apostate, and a great many other Julians and Juliuses, “too tedious to mention,” as the orator of the menagerie has it. It is a pity the name were so bewitched—it is a mighty favourite of ours; for we have ever found it coupled with all that is fascinating in manners and amiable in disposition. We are not superstitious; yet, sweet and beautiful as the name is, papas and mammas ought well to deliberate ere they bestow it on their children. The feeling which dictates the wish to perpetuate a family appellation is natural, and we respect it. After all, it is only a prejudice; and, sure enough, there is “something in a name.” We could prove this fact by many examples, and account for it by the most reasonable and convincing arguments, did the limits of a note permit us. Certain readers may question whether we are serious—we leave them to guess, being seldom in the mood of expounding and resolving difficulties, especially those of our own creation, “*nisi dignissimus vindice nodus!*”

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ÉPÎTRE DEDICATOIRE.

A

MADemoisELLE SERAPHINE DE LA NUE.

MADemoisELLE !

Si ce n'avoit été que vous me fîtes l'honneur de me le demander, je n'aurois pas eu la hardiësse de vous dédier ces petites pièces, qui pouvez si bien juger de leurs défauts. En vous obéissant, croyez-moi, j'en ai grande peur ; vû qu'elles contiennent tant de fautes. Mais, d'un autre côté, je me console à songer que votre bonté pardonnera sans doute aux imperfections, qui votre goût exquis ne manquera pas d'y trouver. Touchant les critiques d'autres je n'en fais aucun cas.

Vos talens illustres, Mademoiselle, sont connus de tout le monde ; et, par consequent, je m'en tairai. Permettez-moi pourtant de vous assurer, que je vous révère et que votre amitié vivra à jamais dans mon cœur. Enfin, je ne puis m'empêcher de dire, qu'il n'y a pas un moment de ma vie plus heureux que celui où vous m'avez donnée l'occasion de declarer en public, avec combien d'estime et de verité je suis,

MADemoisELLE,

Votre très humble Serviteur,

D. M. FURGUSON.

Rue du Nord d'Annan, le 3 Décembre, 1830.

LORD BYRON.

• • • • micat inter omnes
Georgium Sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Hor. Lib. I. Carm. 12.

BYRON! mightiest son of Song!
Whom title less than talents raised
Above the lofty rival throng
Mid which thy splendid genius blazed;—
Ah! when shall such a soul as thine,
Fired with such energies divine,
E'er start into immortal birth,
And light again the fields of earth?
Spirit of might! the question's vain,
We ne'er shall see thy like again,
Till hoary Time, from his dread empire hurled,
Shall break his iron scythe—and, groaning, shake the world!

Thou need'st no humble verse of mine,
To bid thy waving laurels bloom ;
Harold shall live, and still entwine
A lasting garland round thy tomb :
Mazeppa's wild Ukrainian steed,
The Corsair's every daring deed,
The misty vale of Loch-na-garr,
Warbled on Scottish hills afar—
Will shed a halo round thy name,
And give it to eternal fame ;
Even Manfred, frowning from his Alpine steep,
Will bid thy memory wake—nor let thy glory sleep !

Thy laurels bloom !—what mortal hand
That ever wielded pen or blade,
On page or plain might take its stand
And bid those deathless laurels fade !
Bid Andes' cliffs, of giant race,
Forsake their everlasting base ;
Bid ocean, with his thousand manes,
Submit to sleep in silken chains ;
Bid all the spheres that roll the sky,
Each from its several orbit fly ;
These may obey man's puny voice—but thou !
No grasp can rend the leaves, that bind thy lordly brow.

What ! though thy muse might sometimes dream,
And reckless tread forbidden ground,
We know not what provoked the theme ;
Nor dare we boundless mercy bound !
[The healthiest corporeal frame
Is subject to disease and pain ;

The noblest, purest human mind
 Has hours of sickness—so had thine;
 And if in such distressful hours,
 Thou droppedst a few empoisoned flowers,
 'Tis to be wept—though most, perchance, may blame—
 That e'er such arrant rhymes should blot thy mighty name.

Yet, in the morning of thy day,
 When pulse beat high and life was young,
 Thy fancy wove as pure a lay
 As ever lowland lady sung;
 Pity! misfortune's ruthless dart
 Had pierced so soon thy generous heart;
 Against mankind its virtues steeling;
 Chilling its warmest, finest feeling—
 Forcing thy patriot soul to shrink,
 Back from society's dread brink;
 And not a bosom throbbing to thine own,
 To seek deceptive bliss, within itself alone!

Deceptive? yes—though deep in song,
 Is stamped thy mightiness of mind—
 Both head and heart were madly wrong,
 No matchless weaknesses to find;
 Alike in either praise or blame
 Thou stood'st, an isolated name!
 All passions, feelings, creeds were thine;
 All learning, human and divine;
 All, all that moves another's heart,
 Lay 'neath thine eye, as on a chart;
 While every thought, hope, feeling of thine own,
 Was left to toss at will—like wreck mid ocean foam!

And was it thus?—let judgment pause ;
 Nor view with cold, unswelling breast,
 Thy ardour in the Grecian cause
 'Gainst tyrant's wrongs, yet unredressed ;
 This glorious act—of thine the last—
 Might *almost* cover all the past :
 'T will gild at least thy magic lyre
 With all a Spartan's patriot fire ;
 And long on Helle's classic shore,
 Shall Helle's dames thy fate deplore ;
 Nor *these* alone—where Freedom's banners wave,
 Her sons will bless thy name, and weep thy early grave !

THE GRECIAN MAID TO HER LOVER.

AWAY ! let no tear-drop be shed ;
 Depart ! look not back on thy home ;
 By the trumpet's alarm let thy spirit be led—
 March to thy country's strife ! haste thee ! begone !
 For the voices of Moslem are loud on the plain ;
 And their galleys lie dark on the breast of the main !

The deeds which thy forefathers wrought,
 The songs of Helléné can tell ;
 In defence of their altars and freedom they fought ;
 O, 't was for Greece and for Freedom they fell !
 Then turn not thine eye from their glory-gilt path ;
 But spur thy proud barb to the red field of death !

The tear and the womanish wail
Is the part of a Suliote's slave;
Shame! will the soul of Guzarami quail,
Under the scimitar flash of the brave?
No! the matrons would weep as they whispered his name;
And Ximené would die on the wreck of his fame.

Is Thermopylæ's story forgot,
With the hero who knew not to yield?
Is the white tomb of Leuctra a grass-grown spot?
And Marathon's valley a voiceless field?
Dread shades of my ancestors! rest in your graves;
And rise not to blush for an offspring of slaves!

Mark'st thou yon bright sabres gleaming?
Oh! hear'st thou yon wild battle-cry?
Ibrahim's banners in triumph are streaming;
Speed thee! Guzarami, speed thee, and fly!
Or I swear by the power whom my fathers adore,
That the heart of Ximené will love thee no more!

Son of Livoni! linger'st thou yet?
What spell hath enfeebled thee now?
Wilt thou stay till the sun of thy glory be set,
And infamy stamped on thy brow?
Where—where is the courage thou wonted'st to boast
In the perilous hour, is it withered—and lost?

No! hail to the high flush of shame,
That mounts to thy varying cheek!
Thou never wilt sully thy father's proud fame,
Nor shrink from the cause of the Greek!
Take this kiss (with a prayer for the blessing of Heaven)
Which ne'er to the lip of a dastard were given!

Away! let no tear-drop be shed;
Depart! look not back on thy home;
By the trumpet's alarm let the spirit be led,
March to thy country's strife! haste thee! begone!
And bring from the battle, where brave bosoms burn,
The name of a Grecian, or—never return!

TO CORA.

I love to sip the fragrant breeze
That kisses soft the sun-tipp'd trees,
In a calm summer's even;
To scan with philosophic gaze,
The rolling planetary maze
That wheels the path of Heaven.

To mark the rose's blushing hue,
Enveiled in robes of pearly dew,
Just bursting into birth;
The bright carnation's dazzling glow;
The pensile lily's modest blow,
That droops its head on earth;

To list the notes of artless love,
Ypouring from the vocal grove
When from his eastern pillow
Phœbus uprears his golden head,
And flings the vapours from his bed—
The darkness from the billow.

But sweeter far than breeze of even,
The sigh that wafts my soul to heaven
From Cora's snowy bosom;

And brighter far her eye of blue
Than beams from gems of midnight dew,
Which fulgent stars repose on.

On her soft cheek the bloom that blows
Beshames the proudly blushing rose,
In all its gaudy splendour;
The red which the carnation tips
Must yield the palm to Cora's lips,
And haughty homage render.

The lily, too—sweet humble flower!
Bows to her sympathetic power;
And all the tuneful grove,
When Cora deigns her voice to raise,
To other ears must chant their lays;
For mine they cannot move.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND,
TO THE WEST INDIES.

THE shallow now bounds from the pebble-paved shore—
Her sails to the breeze are unfurl'd—
And lightly she glides o'er the dark-rolling deep,
To the skies of an opposite world.

Ye planets that guide the sons of the wave!
Ye spirits that dwell in the wind!
Let Neptune himself this shallow protect;
For she bears in her bosom—my friend.

My friend! did I say? Ah! that ever-dear name
Is now the dread herald of woe;
It minds me of moments, eternally gone,
And the tears of remembrance flow!

Yet oft will bright fancy those moments recall,
When at even my lone head I pillow;
And the night-dream will oft show the image of him,
Who is absent afar on the billow.

Let mine eye while she skims o'er yon surface of blue,
Calm, serene, and unruffled by storm;
Ere distance its power for ever elude,
Repose on his vanishing form.

She recedes, she diminishes, sinks, disappears,
Enwrapped in the mist of the ocean;
Why swim my dim eyes? why burst they in tears?
Why bounds my full heart with emotion?

Oh, ye who have caught the last look of a friend!
Can you paint the scene when you sever!
Can you body in words the swell of the breast,
When you part—perhaps, part—for ever?

No! the tear-starting eye—the pale quivering lip,
Tell the wild waves that inwardly roll;
And the nameless expression of features—though mute—
Than volumes speaks more to the soul.

Adieu, then, my friend! in the womb of thy fate
May roses in embryo lie!
May they flourish and wave o'er life's gloomy heath!
May they bloom 'neath Colombia's sky!

Yet, when glory and honours encircle thy car,
When thou rid'st on prosperity's wind,
Forget not the days of thy morning of life;
Forget not thou once had'st—a friend!

FAREWELL.

MOMENTS there are when sorrow sleeps,
When misery's tear forgets to flow,
And o'er the captive's care-worn cheek,
The breath of Heaven deigns to blow.

On this world's ever-varying stage,
Of all that's felt, or done, or spoken,
There is a slumbering season, when
Association's links are broken;—

When flower—nor summer's eve, nor spring,
Nor ocean, music, winter's blast,
Nor all the mystic powers of mind,
Can join the chain that binds the past;—

Save *one* short word—of solemn sound—
Which lives upon the ear—for ever!
It comes like echo from the tomb;
'T is heard, when friends or lover's sever.

This asks for—needs no other voice
Its dreary sleeplessness to wake;
The chord on which it hangs—alone—
Dependless—will not, cannot break!

In vain oblivion's blackening winds
O'er the bright fields of memory sweep ;
They pass, like white clouds o'er the moon,
Or evening breeze along the deep ;

And, oh ! so chilling is its tone,
It binds the heart as with a spell,
It rings through life—'t is heard in death—
And death itself is but—FAREWELL !

ODE TO OBSCURITY.

SWEET, simple Nymph ! of soft blue eye,
Of modest mien and gait so shy ;
Come, in thy nut-brown vest arrayed,
And lead me to thy tranquil shade !

Oh ! guide me to thy secret cell,
Where peace and quiet love to dwell ;
And where no rude, unmanner'd feet
Shall burst upon our calm retreat !

There, far from spirit-stirring strife
And all the senseless whirl of life,
In silent musing mood we 'll lie
Till Phœbus' glittering car is by.

And when the panting steeds of day
Are plunging mid the western spray,
We 'll hail with joy the sinking sun—
Exulting that his course is run.

What time the meek-eyed queen of night
Sprinkles her rays o'er vale and height,
With Contemplation—Wisdom's child,
Tread we the lawn or woody wild ;

Or linger in the forest glade,
Where moonshine mingles with the shade ;
And pours on mountain, moor and stream,
The broken flash or mellow gleam.

Or steal were murmuring waters moan,
By haunted tower or mossy stone ;
Or where yon abbey's mould'ring frieze
Peeps out, by fits, among the trees.

But, soon as purple blushes streak
The young-eyed morning's rosy cheek,
Then haste we to thy silent cell
In sunless grove or rocky dell.

There, leaning on thy placid breast,
Each rebel thought shall sink to rest ;
For wasting care and wild desire
Still from thy hallowed walks retire.

And flattery with her brood profane,
And foul-tongued censure, prone to blame,
And interest's sordid devotees,
Thy sweet retirement may not please.

Come, then, dear maid, of soft blue eye,
Of modest mien and gait so shy !
Come, in thy nut-brown vest arrayed,
And wrap me in thy peaceful shade !

TO NORA.

Ask me where the red-haired sun
His evening tresses wont to lave;
Ask me whence the wond'rous power
That lifts or lays the sounding wave;

Ask me if the absent moon
Hid herself in sky or sea:
These I'll tell—but, dearest Nora,
None can tell who peereth thee.

When thou mov'st in palace fair,
Brightest beauties cease to bloom,
And their rival orbs appear but
Starlets by the silver moon.

Light thy step in hall or bower,
Maiden of the coal-black eye!
When the pipe the dance awaketh,
And thy belted knight is nigh:

Sweet thy voice in song or hymn,
Sweeter than the rossignol
Chanting, mid the fragrant bushes,
Round the towers of Sarapol.

But the honeyed due that falls
From thy lip, in humble cot;
Soothing, with an angel's sweetness,
Poverty's dejected lot:

Whispering to the ear of grief
Resignation, hope, and love ;
Pointing truth to erring spirits,
With the meekness of the dove.

These—O these! have charms for me,
Far above a monarch's throne ;
Crowns are toys! one ray of feeling,
Power nor wealth can make its own.

And thou'rt mine, my gentle Nora!
Go! birth, learning, rank, and pelf ;
Heaven no higher bliss can give me,
Till it deign to give—itself.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

[II SAM. CHAP. I. VER. 19, ET SEQ.]

THY beauty is faded—the valiant, the brave,
On thy green hills, O Israel! are fallen ;
The hearts of thy warriors are cold in the grave—
Their spirits to glory are calling.

Untold be the tale in the dwellings of Gath!
Unbreathed in the streets of Ascalon!
Lest Philistia's daughters rejoice in their wrath,
And triumph be mixed with their wailing.

Ye mountains of Gilboa ! O may the rain
And the dew never moisten you more !
For there, in the dust, lies the shield of the slain,
Which the strong arm of royalty bore.

Ever foremost in fight was my Jonathan's bow ;
Still high gleamed the sword of his sire ;
Before them the pride of the mighty sunk low,
And blanched was each visage of fire.

In their lives they were lovely, as stars of the skies
Ere night into morning hath glided ;
And in that dread hour when the fading earth flies,
Their spirits were still undivided.

Than the eagles more swift was their course through the field,
As they marked out a pathway to fame ;
Like lions in fight, they knew not to yield—
They left not a blot on their name.

Weep, daughters of Israel ! weep over Saul,
Who oft decked you in scarlet and gold :
Let the harp and the timbrel be mute in the hall—
To the hills let your sorrow be told !

How the mighty are fallen !—Gilboa ! the blood
On thy mountain of offerings can tell,
How nobly the warriors of Israel stood—
In the midst of the battle they fell.

O, Jonathan ! dear was thy love to my soul !
'T was than woman's more lasting and strong ;
Ah, ne'er shall the tear of distress cease to roll,
Or be wiped for the cymbal and song !

Cold—cold are the hearts of the valiant in dust,
Their spirits to glory are calling;
The weapons of war are all covered with rust—
Alas! how the mighty are fallen!

A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was a light in Anna's eye,
A something in her tone of meekness,
That heaved my swelling bosom high,
And thrilled my very soul to weakness.

I saw her first in white array
At church—devout in look and feeling;
She saw not me—she came to pray—
Her heart, and not her form, was kneeling.

I saw her next in festive hall
Mid beauties' dazzling rows advancing;
I saw but her—they faded all,
Though many a bright eye there was glancing.

I saw her 'mong the garden flowers,
On which a summer's moon was gleaming:
No moon I saw, nor trellised bowers,
While she was there with looks so beaming,

I met her once in pathless wood,
The beetle twilight hour was telling;
Ye prudes, beware! for she was good;
I led her, blushing, to her dwelling.

I marked her oft by grove and stream,
At morning-tide, at noon, at even,
Nor blame if I the maid might deem
A seraph, lately strayed from heaven.

On harvest-field I saw her last,
Mid rural song and maidens daffing ;
Where many a harmless joke was passed,
And all was mirth, and joy, and laughing.

But *one* short month ! (ah Time, how fleet !
Young flowers thy scythe is ever sweeping)
The maid was in her winding-sheet,
And friendly eyes around her weeping.

And she ! the pride, the hope of youth,
The fairest flower by Annan river—
The eye of love, the gem of truth,
Was laid in lowly tomb—for ever !

For ever ? no ! when Death shall die,
And Time hath run his course of duty,
My Anna's form shall mount on high,
And bloom anew in endless beauty !

ODE TO SCANDAL.

Ironice loquimur difficiles.

From envy and from malice sprung,
Hail, mistress of the double tongue
And eye of emerald green !
Few—few the joys poor mortals taste ;
Yet of those few the honeyed zest
Is due to thee, I ween.

As certain homely viands owe
To foreign spice their savoury *goût*,
Which else insipid were ;
So does life's dull society
Its exquisite variety
To thy presiding care.

How languidly the moments roll
O'er Congou-cup or sparkling bowl,
If thou art not at hand ;
To prompt some pretty little fable,
And breathe it round the yawning table,
Among the lifeless band.

What would the evening coterie be,
Or morning call, devoid of thee ?
A senseless, dead routine ;
An everlasting cuckoo-song—
An angel-visit—short, yet long
And very far between.

Scarce should we know who's dead—who's married—
 Who gain'd his point—or who miscarried,
 Or who had lately strayed
 A step or two from reason's track,
 (No matter though he be come back),
 Without thy friendly aid !

I've seen Belinda—artless thing !
 Away her stick and netting fling,
 Obedient to thy call,
 To tell Miss I. what Mrs. C.
 Had said of her to Madam P.
 At Lady Thingum's ball !

The last new Novel or Gazette
 Might lie unread on Sue's toilette,
 And slumber there for ages ;
 If, or through ignorance, chance, or both,
 The author failed (conceive the Goth !)
 With thee to gild his pages.

Old maiden aunts if thou inspire,
 Will lecture out a winter's fire
 To their enraptured nieces ;
 A character ! be't black or white
 They'll hunt it down—" Oh, not through spite !"
 Then worry it to pieces !

A shrug—a whisper—or a sigh—
 A cast of thy commanding eye
 Can turn the statesman pale ;

Heroes who front the gaze of death,
And mock his scythe—beneath thy wrath
Crest-fallen, crouch and quail.

Yon decent, holy, upright man,
Who moulds his life on heaven's plan,
Eschewing every evil;
To thy transforming vision seems
A hypocrite—whose fancy teems
With dogmas of the devil!

'Tis well his final fate depends
On that Almighty voice, which blends
Judgment with mercy still;
And not on thine—whose aspid tone
Can vent malignity alone,
And hisseth but to kill!

The monstrous boa of the wood,
All wild and ravenous, his food
Will first of life deprive,
Ere he entomb it in his maw:
But thou, in scorn of nature's law,
Dost torture thine—alive!

To learned pens I leave to tell
By what strange, wonder-working spell,
Thou changest white to blue;
Cloth'st virtue in the garb of vice,
And wavest thy wand, which, in a trice,
Gives vice a dingier hue!

Oh! many a heart of finest mold,
 Its worth all buried, all untold,
 Might nobly beat in vain,
 Did not thy kind, discerning glance,
 Detect some venial slip—by chance—
 And stare it into fame!

Fie on the sons of modern days!
 Who bid not, to thy lasting praise,
 The sculptured marble rise;
 Hadst thou in barbarous age been born,
 Thy *golden* fame, I dare be sworn,
 Had smote the azure skies!

AROUET.

. . . . omnium
 Versatur urna.

Hor. Lib. II. Carm. 3.

'NEATH the shade of a wide-spreading oak,
 On the brink of a soft-flowing stream,
 Young Arouet watched his white flock
 As it quietly browsed on the green.

'T was morn—and the sun shone so bright
 And the sky-lark so charmingly sung,
 Happy Arouet's bosom was light
 And sweet melody burst from his tongue.

His theme was the fair Janaëtte,
No wonder the music was sweet ;
He thought of her ringlets of jet—
Her black eye, and figure so neat.

The cot by the side of the wood,
Where his dear Janaëtte had her home ;
And her mother, so kind and so good,
Enlivened the voice of his song.

“ O ! blest be the hour that I met
A maiden of charms so divine—
I will go, and the day shall be set
That for ever makes Janaëtte mine.

“ Then how cheerful and happy we ’ll stray
Adown by the banks of the stream !
The noise of the town, far away,
Shall ne’er tempt us to alter the scene.

“ With our straw-covered cottage content,
We ’ll sigh for no other retreat ;
Nor rank, wealth, nor honours lament,
While our hearts in fond unison beat.”

’T is noon, and thick shadows obscure
The face of the sun and the sky ;
The curlew is heard on the moor,
And the wind whistles drearily by.

The clouds of the firmament broke ;
Red lightning flashed dreadful around ;
At the foot of yon heaven-scathed oak
Was the corse of young Arouet found !

QUÆDAM ET QUÆDAM ALIA.

THE prince in robes of purple dye,
Of stately step, and lofty eye,
 May awe the nations round ;
But the bright gem which crowds admire,
Is but a carcanet of fire
 About his temples bound.

The hero's and the poet's fame
Is the mere magic of a name,
 The plaything of a day—
'T is like a falling star by night,
Which darts a momentary light,
 Then melts in air away.

The sage, who o'er the midnight oil,
Gives all his learning, all his toil,
 A sinking state to save ;
What is he? but the passive tool,
The by-word—jest of every fool—
 The dupe of every knave.

The miser o'er his shining heap,
(For which even Plutus' self might weep),
 Is writhed with pining care ;
The little which he adds to more,
Will only swell the thankless store
 To his impatient heir.

The poor man—burdened with his lot,
And shivering in a roofless cot,
 His heart with sorrow wrung—

Is doomed to bear his griefs, unknown,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone,
Like weed on ocean flung.

Ambition, struggling to be great
Through clouds of envy, scorn, and hate,
Whate'er its rank or birth ;
Though crowned with laurels of success,
Is far removed from real bliss ;
There 's nothing true on earth !

" Yes, friendship's true !" Ah no, beware !
"T will vow, profess, protest, and swear,
And warmly press thy hand ;
But if thou chance to cross its path,
"T will back recoil, and in its wrath
Unsheath the deadly brand.

" If such the boon the world can give,
"T is madness in the world to live !"
Nay—hold the balance even ;
For though each fancied bliss below
Is but a visionary show,
The man who bears with patient mind
The ills of life, at last will find
There 's something *true* in heaven !

TO A PRIMROSE,

ACCIDENTALLY OBSERVED IN A VERY SEQUESTERED SPOT.

HAIL to thee! sweet and lovely flower!
Meek firstling of the spring!
May no rude blast e'er seek thee here,
With wild and wasting wing!
Ne'er may the truant school-boy kneel
To break thy tender stem;
Nor vagrant footstep e'er despoil
So fair—so pure a gem!

Thus, parents breathe an earnest wish,
In accents soft and mild,
That heaven would spare to manly age
Their young and beauteous child:
But every year, and day, and hour,
(So runs the wise decree)
The prayer for youth and beauty fails;
And so may mine for thee.

Dear floweret! could I wish thee not
In this recess to hide
Thy simple charms! and bid thee deck
Yon sunny mountain's side!
No! thy sweet face of innocence,
Which smiles in this lone glen,
Would lose its winning bashfulness
So near the haunts of men!

Bloom on! bloom on! and drink the dew,
Remote from vulgar eye,
Still give thy sweets to roving bee,
Thy fragrance to the sky;
I must away! lone wilding flower!
Though bright thy beauties beam—
Be thine the fate of *modest worth*:
To bloom, and die—unseen!

LECON D'UNE MERE A SA FILLE.

5

(IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

BEHOLD that lake, how pure! serene!
In which a cloudless heaven is seen,
Another moon doth shine;
On its smooth, glassy mirror too
Stars, planets, flowerets greet the view,
And many a curling vine:
And all is still and peaceful there
As noon-tide summer's breathless air.

That lake a whispering breeze hath crossed;
At once the mimic heaven is lost—
The mimic moon is set,
Or gleams but on the wavelet's hem,
Like fragments of a broken gem
Through loops of silken net;
And on its rough and rimpled breast,
Stars, planets, flowers, in vain may rest.

Thus in a breast so calm, so pure,
In its own artlessness secure,
As thine is now, my love !
A word, a wish, a gentle sigh,
May bid its placid stillness fly,
And stormy passions move :
That lake shall know repose again,
When nature's breeze is o'er ;
But, ah ! the heart which love's soft gale
Hath fanned, is doomed to endless wail,
And peace shall know—no more !

SUNSET.

How blazingly bright is yon setting sun !
The brighter, the nearer his race is run !
'Mong gold-gilt isles of beauty he lies ;
And in floods of golden glory—dies !

All day his course through clouds he bore,
Like a mighty king who mourning wore ;
And only by fits, the eye might trace
The dazzling rays of his beamy face.

But now he hath borne those clouds away,
Or turned them to flame with his parting ray ;
And, lo ! mid music and rainbow light,
In the western wave he sinks to night.

I think as I gaze on yon setting sun,
Of the martyr of old who glory won ;
And firmly the paths of suffering trod
For Scotland, mankind, and his God !

Though oft the clouds of his stormy sky
Were tinged with hues of the crimson dye,
Despite the fogs of the blood-stained leven
His faithful eye was fixed on heaven.

By bigots' rage and malice, unspent,
On ! on ! the noble martyr went :—
And when his battles on earth were done,
How brilliant the blaze of his setting sun !

TO J * * * *

THE Ma'moiselle who gads about,
And at each party, ball, and rout,
Delights to shine—
Though she could boast more dazzling charms
Than those which roused old Greece to arms,
Should ne'er be mine !

But who is she, the maid of bloom—
Who flies the world's impure simoom,
In modest beauty ?
Nor thinks (although the thought is common)
Beneath the dignity of woman,
Domestic duty !

'Tis J—— ! none the name might seek ;
'Tis J—— ! of the damask cheek
And hazel glance ;
Who never sighs abroad to fling
Her beauties to the gaping ring,
Nor join the dance.

O ! were a wilderness my lot
With such a maid as she to float
Adown life's stream,
'T would be my soul's delight to peep
Into her eyes, awake ; asleep,
Of her to dream !

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, 1824.

WHY o'er Nith's murmuring bosom floats the gale
In such a plaintive melody of woe ?
Why seem yon trembling harp-strings *now* to wail,
Whence sounds of cheering music wont to flow !

Surely some mother's spirit, pressed with grief,
To the low night wind its affliction breathes !
And some lone sister, wooing sad relief,
'Mong her harps' chords the mournful cypress wreathes !

Yes ! thou art gone, thou much-beloved maid,
Reft from this sunny world in all thy bloom,
Thy youthful charms unfolded, but to fade,
And droop untimely in an early tomb.

Cold is that cheek, where health so lately beamed,
And beauty shed a witchery of light—
That chastened eye, whence pure affection streamed,
Too soon is set in shades of starless night.

Thy stainless soul was bright as pearly dew
Shook from the bird of morning's glittering wing;
And long shall memory's kind hand bestrew
Thy grassy bed with the first flowers of spring.

Oft shall a mother on thy young grave kneel,
And wet with tears the turf that shields thy breast;
And oft shall a fond sister softly steal
To the lone spot, to bid thy spirit rest.

Yet cease to mourn—nor drop one sorrowing tear,
Though E——r to an early fate be given;
Though withered be the bud of beauty here,
The full-blown blossom will expand in heaven!

STANZAS.

WHEN I look to the days that are gone,
The bright star of hope is there;
When I think of the days that may come,
They are dashed with the lines of despair.

Ah! why has hope's starlight waned,
Though the hours of youth are past?
Were its beams too brilliantly feigned
In boyhood, to linger or last?

Ay! dipped in the rainbow's rays
Is the burning pencil of youth;
But, alas, the colours it lays
Are not the colours of truth!

Soon, tints of a darker dye
The beautiful picture o'erspread,
And disclose to the anguished eye
A canvass—how speechless! how dead!

'T is thus our weak hearts are torn
And riven by length of years,
And the cheek that was laughing at morn
Ere noontide is glistening with tears.

And is life in reality naught
But just to be born and—to weep?
Is there nothing, in deed or in thought,
From which we can happiness reap?

Yes! love with his silken wing,
Can soothe the pangs of the heart;
And mid grief, and sorrow, and sin,
Soft gleams of delight impart.

But love is, perchance, but a lie;
A something—a nothing—a name,
Which breathes itself out in a sigh,
Or puffs itself off in a flame.

No! love is a chastened fire;
T' is the rays of a milder sun;
'T is a purified, holy desire,
To mingle two souls in *one*.

Oh come then, love! oh come!
But come from yon azure sky;
For my hopes on earth are done;
I have nought to do—but die!

And when life hath throbb'd its last,
And each pulse hath ceased to move;
May my spirit be gently passed
To the bowers of Peace and Love!

TO AGNES.

Awake, my harp! at beauty's call,
Though feeble be thy string;
Nor mutely hang on yonder wall,
When Agnes bids thee sing!

Fair is she who asks the boon;
Love in every glance is speaking;
On her cheek of youthful bloom,
The ruddy blush of morn is breaking.

Soft her locks of raven hue,
Curling, dark, and sweetly flowing;
And her eyes of smiling blue,
How dove-like! yet, how brightly glowing!

Oh! I could gaze my heart away
Upon her white and lovely brow;
Where heaven's own lightnings mildly play,
Like moon-beams on a wreath of snow.

Red her lip of sweets, and pure ;
Nature there with dewy finger,
Hath shed a richness which might lure
The bee with laden thigh, to linger.

'T were ecstasy to press that lip ;
'T were bliss itself divine,
Its balmy sweetnesses to sip ;
Oh, that such bliss were mine !

Fain would I paint the heavenly die,
That crimsons o'er her cheek ;
Fain would I catch her bosom's sigh,
When tales of sorrow speak.

But cease, my harp, th' unequal strain ;
Too powerless is thy string ;
Content thee with a mortal theme,
Nor dare an angel sing.

One wish, one only wish be mine :
Life's gloomy path to cheer,
Agnes ! may every good be thine
Through many a coming year !

WOMAN.

SINCE woman's frailty first deformed
Our chequered boon of time,
The earth is all a heartless show,
A cold, ungenial clime.

Her fatal weakness Nature's laws,
In dread disorder hurled ;
And bade the deaf'ning thunder roar,
To shake a guilty world.

The sun now darts a sicklier ray ;
The moon a dimmer beam ;
And yellower waves the forest leaf ;
And darker glides the stream.

Thistles and briars choke the field
Where sinful mortals toil ;
Disease and poison, pain and death,
Spring from the tainted soil.

Now dire Tornado stalks abroad,
With wildness in his eye ;
And sternly sweeps the prostrate land,
And mingles sea and sky.

Earth, too, conceives a fiery birth
Of sulph'rous, nitric grain ;
Which from the hills and mountains bursts
In lava, smoke, and flame.

The flowers that erst in Eden bloomed,
Now blush in deserts wild ;
And love has sought the wilderness,
An outcast, lawless child.

Even beasts that fawned on guiltless man,
And played beneath his eye ;
Or hunt him now, as lawful prey,
Or from his glances fly.

Nor earth and brute creation know
The withering change alone ;
Man's moral loveliness is marr'd,
His god-like beauty flown.

Two adverse powers assert their right,
To bend him to their will ;
That gently whispers him to good,
This summons him to ill.

And conscience with a scorpion scourge,
Sits with uplifted hand
And eagle-glance, exacting all
The laws of heaven demand.

And when he errs in deed or thought,
Her glaring eye-balls roll ;
Each reptile writhes its venom'd head,
And stings his tortured soul.

Is man then left without a beam
Of hope, to cheer his mind ?
And must he plod life's weary way,
Alone, accursed, and blind ?

No ! Woman, weak but lovely still ;
The cause, the curer, of his ill ;
Although from Eden driven,
'T was thine on this dark spot of earth,
To give to man a second birth,
And point his hopes to heaven !

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A MOST INTERESTING LITTLE GIRL.

WHERE is the lovely rose that grew,
Of late, so fair by Annan river?
Glowing in nature's brightest hue,
Methought its bloom might last for ever.

Gaily it oped its little breast,
To catch the balmy breath of heaven;
Soft were its beauteous leaflets kissed
By the mild, whispering sighs of even.

The bush that bore this lovely rose,
Hails its sweet tints with rising pleasure;
And when the breeze too rudely blows,
Bends every arm to shield her treasure.

Alas! her arts and cares were vain,
To save a gem so worth the keeping;
For soon a chilling east-wind came,
And nipped it on her bosom weeping.

The fairest flowers of nature's birth,
Are those which fade and die the soonest;
So thou, bright bud of opening worth!
No more in earthly garden bloomest.

But yet a scent, so pure, so sweet,
Thy withered beauty left behind thee;
That those who saw thy charms—though fleet,
Will oft, and long, and dearly mind thee.

Nor are thy charms for ever fled ;
A glorious spring-time is arriving,
When thou shalt lift thy beauteous head
'Mong flowers of deathless bloom reviving!

TO MARGARET.

WHY heaves so oft th' unbidden sigh?
Why vacant rolls mine aching eye?
My mind! why does it rove?
Why does my heart so strangely beat,
Whene'er thy fairy form I meet?
Dear girl! can this be love?

Yes, surely 't is the tiny elf,
'T is none but the young rogue himself,
Now simpering in thy smile—
Now peeping from thine eye of blue,
Now on thy cheek of rosy hue,
Exhausting every wile.

No doubt the silly boy supposes
While thus he flirts among thy roses,
Or wantons in thine eye,
That if mamma should call him home
To Cyprus' Isle, when he was gone,
Thy beauties, too, would die!

Poh! tell the pert, conceited thing,
He need not fear to mount his wing
And join the Paphian dames;

For thou without his puny arts,
His quiver, bow, and flames and darts,
Canst lead the *world* in chains !

THE AMBITIOUS CROW.

A FABLE.

THE first dread cause of earthly woe,
The bane of happiness below,
Seems not exclusively confined
Within the bosoms of mankind ;
For e'en among the feathered tribe
We meet with instances of pride !
But that the end 's the same in each,
Perhaps the following tale may teach.

Once on a time, a Crow of *spirit*,
Vexed that his own superior merit
Was slighted by his black compeers,
And flouted with incessant sneers,
Resolved to fix his airy nest
Far o'er the dwellings of the rest ;
And spite of mockery and grimace,
To soar the first, at least in *place*.

Amid this colony of crows
By chance a lofty beech-tree rose
So tall, that even the oldest rook
Grew dizzy from the top to look ;
And rather would have scaled the sky,
Than rocked his progeny so high :—

This tree our dauntless hero chose,
And on its very topmost boughs,
His eyrie, soon completed, swung
As if on baseless nothing hung ;
Thus perched, his sable plumes he shook,
And squinting down a haughty look
Upon his less exalted kin,
In vaunting accents did begin :
“ Mean, grovelling souls ! now yield, compelled,
The homage you have long withheld ;
Acknowledge him no craven-crest,
Who here has dared to build a nest ;
And with aspiring zeal has even
Approached the boundaries of heaven ;
Bend low your heads, ye motley minions !
Croak loud-applause, and flap your pinions.
Henceforth let every ebon wing,
That moves this rookery within,
Obeisance make to me—his king ? ”

This said, with many prince-like kicks,
He hops into his dome of sticks ;
Enfolds his wings, his eyelids closes,
And full of self-importance, doses !

Meanwhile, from the Æolian cave
A mighty north wind sweeps the wave,
And blustering onwards, gathering strength,
Reaches the colony at length ;
Just as the rabble cleared their eyes
From the first dazzle of surprise,
Which their new sovereign's maiden speech
Flashed from the summit of the beech ;

Sudden the tempest howls amain—
 Branches and leaves bestrew the plain,
 The stateliest tenants of the dale
 Sink 'neath the fury of the gale ;
 The beech-tree groans, its crazy height
 Fails to support the royal weight ;
 It bends, it crashes, thunders down,
 And flings its burden to the ground !

Now flutters, senseless on the earth,
 This monarch of ephemeral birth,
 While the humble objects of his scorn
 Outlived the ruin of the storm ;
 At length he opes his quivering jaws,
 And thus his latest ditty caws :
 " Oh ! had I curbed ambition's throes,
 And built my nest on lowlier boughs,
 The blast that lays me with the dead
 Had whistled harmless round my head ;
 But • • • • •
 He could no more, his next drawn breath
 Was heaved amid the shades of death.

THE TWO PEAR TREES.

A FABLE.

Two neighbouring pear trees long had flung
 Their boughs luxuriant to the sun ;
 And grew on a so friendly footing,
 So free from quarrelling or disputing—
 That to a moralising eye,
 Such mutual love might never die.

Years rolled, and still those pear trees grew ;
Their love was undiminished too ;
At length that old physician, Time—
Who kills or cures, as suits his mind ;
Or it may be, some fell disease,
Or any other cause you please,
Tainted the vital juice of one—
Sudden its verdant hue is gone,
Its leafy honours soon are driven,
A sport to every wind of heaven ;
With downcast head and spirits sunk,
Behold it now, a naked trunk !

Never, like this, so fit a time
To pour the balm of oil and wine ;
To soothe a suffering friend in woe,
And bid the tear of pity flow ;
The tones of sympathy's soft voice
Would make the wounded heart rejoice :
And if they had not power to cure,
Might teach the mourner to endure.

Alas ! instead of pity's aid,
The pear surviving tossed his head ;
And raising high his bushy crest,
He thus his hapless friend addressed :
" Thou blasted shadow of a tree !
Spread not thy naked arms to me—
Vile monster ! hence, relieve my sight !
Quick ! instantly prepare for flight ;
'Or by the saints of every creed,
I'll make thy worthless members bleed !

Not move?" then gathering all his might,
 And poising every branch aright,
 He downward swung a deadly blow,
 And laid his leafless neighbour low!

MORAL.

Thus man, while no dark tempests lower,
Dear friends, in thousands round him pour;
 But if an adverse gale arise,
 It sweeps those "refugees of lies;"
 And to his wondering vision shows,
 Instead of *friends*, a host of *foes*! ²³

A SIMILE.

TO MISS M. H . . . , OF D——.

THE fitful love that lights a flame
 And leaves it wantonly to die;
 Is like the swamp-fire's faithless beam,
 That mocks the way-lost traveller's eye.

'Tis seen, his bosom beats with hope;
 He hails it as his leading star;
 Hunts it o'er moor, and dale, and rock,
 But still the witch-gleam shines afar.

Wearied and worn, he halts to breathe;
 The phantom fire-light halteth too;
 His wild eye roves athwart the heath,
 And hope and fear the chase renew.

Yon lambent ray, perchance may guide
His footsteps to some friendly door ;
The thought is life, whate'er betide,
He starts more sanguine than before.

What now can stop his swift career ?
He clears the glen, o'erleaps the stream,
Bursts brake and thicket, swims in air—
As if 't were but a mimic dream.

Breathless, he nears the treacherous light ;
Nor marks the lurking pool before him ;
A splash, a death-cry rend the night,
And the black waters settle o'er him.

The wold-fire is, a female fop ;
The traveller, her young adorer ;
The pool, the sepulchre of hope,
Which dead, what art can e'er restore her !

Ah Mary ! be not thou the gleam
That lures the wanderer to his ruin ;
But be a faithful, steady beam—
Pursued, and worthy of pursuing.

Forbear to let thy glances fly
On two, or three, or half-a-dozen—
Give all the moonlight of thine eye,
To him alone thy soul hath chosen.

And of this awful truth be sure ;
Nor ask from me another token—
Patience and time most wounds will cure,
But cureless is *a heart that's broken.*

SONNET.

Oh lady! drop those silken lids—
And look no more on me;
For Hymen's hallowed law forbids
Mine eye to gaze on thee.

The hours were once when I could smile,
And think thee mine alone—
And fondly press thy lip the while!
But ah! those hours are flown.

Another now thy lip may press;
And love's cold duty claim—
Yet can my passion e'er grow less,
Because that passion's vain?

No, no! though deemed by fate to part,
I can forget thee—never;
The charm that first enslaved my heart,
Will be unbroken—ever!

Yet lady! drop those silken lids—
And look no more on me;
Since Hymen's hallowed law forbids
Mine eye to rove on thee.

TRANSLATION.

Hor. Book ii. Ode 14.

DEAR George! our time is short—alas!
How quick the fleeting moments pass!
Nor Piety can stay
Unseemly wrinkles from our brow;
Nor from our head avert the snow;
Nor death's fell stroke delay.

Three hundred bulls, of thine or mine,
May bleed each day at Pluto's shrine;
And vainly may they bleed;
The tearless tyrant whets his sword;
Soft pity is a Gothic word,
Unknown in Pluto's creed.

The good, the great, the base, the brave,
Have sunk beneath the darksome wave,
Which must entomb us all;
Whether as kings we sport a crown,
Or creep through life in russet gown,
Alike must be our fall.

It boots not, though we live afar
From whelming surge or ruthless war,
At Annan, or in Spain;
Or wrap us from th' autumnal winds,
In Dutch costume or Russian skins;
Th' event is still the same.

Where Danaus' hated race are seen ;
Where Styx devolves his lazy stream ;
 Where Sisyphus his stone,
With ceaseless labour (piteous soul !)
Up a steep hill essays to roll,
 Our destiny drives us on.

Thy lovely wife—thy home—thy all,
Thou must resign at Death's dread call,
 For a damp lonesome pillow ;
Where not a tree of thine shall spread
Its well known umbrage o'er thy head—
 Save the funereal willow.

Then shall thine heir (a wiser wight !)
Drag the Cæcubean casks to light,
 Which, erst in vain were thine ;
And, with a liberal generous soul,
Push briskly round the foaming bowl,
 And float thy hall with wine !

TRANSLATION.

Hor. Book ii. Ode 10.

My friend ! if thou would'st lead a happy life,
 Push not, for aye, into the boist'rous deep ;
Nor run thy bark too near the treacherous shore,
 Trembling to 'scape the tempest's direful sweep.

He, who can nicely choose the golden mean,
Is not of every idle whim the sport ;
But shuns, alike, the antique cobwebbed roof
And the invidious gewgaws of a court.

The pine, that thrusts its top amid the clouds,
Is ofttest bowed beneath the angry storm ;
High turrets tumble down with heaviest crash ;
And loftiest hills, heaven's thunderbolts deform.

The man well trained in virtue's rugged school,
When fortune smiles, scorns on her smile to doat ;
And will not, when she frowns, indulge despair,
But humbly trusts the gods may change his lot.

'T is Jove who calls the surly winter forth ;
'T is Jove who bids him to his place begone :
Though clouds may now thy atmosphere bedim,
Fear not ! the sky will brighten up anon.

Sometimes Apollo tunes his golden harp,
The god not always bends his sounding bow :
When fate is adverse, boldly meet the stroke ;
Nor tamely shrink from the impending blow ;
And, when thou rid'st before too prosperous gales,
Take my advice, and reef thy bellying sails.

THE NEW YEAR—1827.

ALL cold and pale from the stormy North,
The region of hail and of snow,
In my frost-work car I again come forth,
To look on the things that below.

And has aught been changed in the year that is past,
And gone to the grave of time?
Shall I see each face that I saw, when last
I came from my icy clime?

Loud notes of joy are abroad on the earth
And sea, to cheer my return;
Sure all have had cause for laughter and mirth;
And none have had cause to mourn!

Is it so? let me seek in yon wheeling dance
For an eye that was bright, and a form that was fair;
Alas! not a ray of that soul-beaming glance,
Not a trace of that angel-form is there.

It has stolen away from this haunt of delight,
It can taste no rapture here!
For the eye, which then sparkled with gladsome light,
Has since wept o'er a mother's bier.

And is her's the only foot that has stept
Aside from the joyous ring?
Has Time no cheek but that lone one's swept,
With his broad and blighting wing?

Ay! many a maid, who her ringlets bright
Then tossed, as in scorn of a rival near,
Has passed away, like a star of night
When it darts from its spangled sphere;

And, over her fair and snow-white breast,
Where revelling hopes beat high,
The unscared owl and the bittern rest,
And the plaintive breezes sigh.

And where is Maria? she seems not now ⁽³⁾
Mid the gay and the glittering throng;
Has she bound her faith by a bridal vow,
Or has heaven reclaimed its own?

The lute and the viol can charm no more,
(Though she is too good to blame),
For her bark is moored on a happier shore,
And fastened with Hymen's chain.

Turn I mine eye from this noisy dome,
To number the "powers that be;"
I can count them all, and yet there is *one*
That I look for—but cannot see.

I saw him last, with the scales of truth
Upreared in his even hand;
His mien was proud, and spoke not of ruth,
But his heart was warm and bland.

And firm he stood, in a rightful cause,
Unshaken by worldling fear;
The pomp of rank ne'er made him pause:
He is gone with the vanished year. ⁽⁴⁾

Ah! many a brow is marked with care;
And many a cheek is wan;
I gaze on many a love-lorn fair,
And many an altered man.

And faces, that now with sunshine glow,
And eyes, with affection that beam,
Will be cold, and closed in the church-yard low,
Ere I come from my place again.

But Time 's on the wing! my song must cease!
I can tarry no longer here;
Adieu, adieu! good folks of D——,
I wish you a happy NEW YEAR!

TO ANNA.

(OCCASIONAL LINES.)

As varied as the human face,
So varied is the mind,
One quality in one we trace;
One in another find.

I know not, neither would I know,
Till from this world I part;
Why some may want the sentient glow
That burns within my heart.

That fervour, whatso'er it be,
Proceeds from heaven alone;
And, for its use, I hold me free,
And chargeable by none.

Though fifty times a day I tell,
Twice fifty times a sin;
One drop of blood from Shiloh's well,
Can me a pardon win.

Go, maiden! to that fountain clear,
And dip thy finger there;
And mould the drop to pity's tear,
'T will make thee doubly fair.

The brightest sun that mounts the sky,
Through clouds must end his race ;
The purest glance of holiest eye
Must often folly chase.

But mark ! the vicious act from love
Of vice—on settled plan ;
Mere random slips can ne'er disprove
The Christian, or the man.

Then Anna ! keep thine anger still ;
If chance thou see me wrong,
Oh ! think I err without the will,
And, dearest ! hold thy tongue.

AMAZILI.

ROLL on to the ocean, deep, deep Orellana ! ⁽⁵⁾
Thy waters which seem with yon star-lights to burn ;
Impatient I wait 'neath the spreading banana,
Yon star-lights announce Orozimbo's return !

All joyous at morn, how he paddled thy billow—
And flew o'er thy breast in his airy canoe ;
While the death song he raised of the brave Zamarillo,
And shouted revenge on the head of the foe.

Orozimbo is tall as the cedar of Chili—
His eye, like the condor's, shoots lightning in war ;
But in moments of peace, to his dear Amazili
'T is gentle and mild, as yon soft-beaming star.

“Amazili!” he cried, as he bound on his quiver
And slung o’er his shoulder his belt and his bow,
“My love, till yon sun set in ocean we sever—
With his chief to the field Orozimbo must go.

“But wait me at eve ’neath the spreading banana,
Whose boughs have so oft flung their shade o’er our love,
When twilight comes down on the deep Orellana,
The stroke of my paddle its waters shall move.

“In hope do thou wait me, and fear not the weapon
That flies through the battle my life shall arrest;
Yon good man above is ne’er slumbering nor sleeping;
Adieu!” and his lip to mine fondly he pressed.

The sun has long sunk to repose on the ocean,
His lingering absence I doubtfully mourn;
Cease, cease, my sad heart! thy wild-throbbing emotion,
Orozimbo’s canoe will soon homeward return.

I see it, it comes! down the deep river dashing;
But where is the paddle? and where is the rower?
Why heard is no boat-song? why seen no wave plashing?
So wont to keep time with the dip of the oar.

Pacha Camac! he lies ’neath the foam-tossing billow, ⁽⁶⁾
And leaves Amazili behind him to weep;
I come, Orozimbo, to share thy cold pillow,
I come,—and she fearlessly plunged in the deep!

Fair daughter of Scotia! why wonder revealing?
The day-star of truth Amazili ne’er knew;
No Bible e’er taught her to temper her feeling,
That blessing had saved her, if sent her by *you*:

"T would have taught her that death is a passage to glory
 And life everlasting, beyond the blue sky ;
 'T would have taught her to live, (in no pitiful story),
 And better than all, 't would have taught her to die !

Roll on to the ocean, thou dread Orellana !
 Oft tempest and storm on thy bosom shall rave ;
 Yet oh ! o'er yon spot, near the lofty banana,
 Still hushed be thy billow, still calm be thy wave !

ENIGMA.

• • • • me juvant obscura.

Askest thou, Eliza, where I love to dwell ?
 'T is not in heaven, in ocean, nor in hell ;
 No place I hold among the sons of man,
 Though breathe without me not a mortal can.
 Heard is my voice in every bird that flies,
 And harmony itself without me dies ;
 Yet, strange ! all kinds of music I abhor—
 In storms I joy, and in the billows' roar ;
 No whirlwind in its fury sweeps the earth,
 But owes to me its rotatory birth ;
 No rude rebellion rages round the throne,
 But I command, and lead the rebels on.
 To every hero I the name bestow,
 Though to me cowards equal right can show ;

Great Buonaparte, whose genius awed the world,
Without me not a standard had unfurled;
And Waterloo, a field of deathless fame,
Had lost a portion of its glorious name.
To Wellington I count myself a stranger,
Though last in war I fly, and last in danger;
If I were not, Brougham would be taciturn,
And fire without me would forget to burn.
My figure floats in every green cymar,
And sparkles brilliantly in every star;
In lightning you may track me, but in vain;
I speak in thunder, and preside in rain;
I never laugh, but always end in laughter—
In drought I live, yet ne'er am out of water.
I'm found in no-where, though in every part,
And claim a fifth of every woman's heart;
You'll find me in the farthest nook of Ayr—
Seek me in Dornock, you will find me there.
I'm not in Annan, nor in aught that's loyal,
Though forming part of every burgh royal,
I fly "the council" (heaven my sins forgive!)
Though councillors without me cease to live:
Yet, what is strange and also much more rare is,
I'm never seen beyond the bounds of Paris!
Now dear Eliza, tell me, if you can—
What wondrous, wild, uncertain thing I am?

TO TIME.

“Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.”

TIME ! thou dread soother of man's woes,
And caustic tutor of his reason !
Say, why thy touch turns friends to foes,
And proves romance and love are treason !

Is it for naught ? no ! I could bow
And worship at thy shrine of steel ;
And *there* my grateful tears should flow,
Were 't not idolatry to kneel.

For thou hast taught me how to deem
Of him who wears the mask of truth ;
And thou hast broke the siren dream,
That bound the silken sleep of youth.

Where are the summer flies that played
And fluttered round my May-day sun ?
And where is she, the witching maid,
Who first my pure affections won ?

Bright-winged flies ! though dear and loved,
A breath has swept ye all away ;
And Lucy hath inconstant proved,
The maiden smiled but to betray !

Ah Time ! thy wizard-wand hath bid
Full many a cheering hope depart ;
Flung dubious lights around the head,
And stirred rebellion in the heart.

Yet still thy magic mirror shows
Each object as it ought to be ;
Reflects the thorn beneath the rose,
And warns the startled youth to flee.

And though thy creed, as some one saith,
Is cold, and hard to be believed,
I 'd die a martyr to thy faith ;
'Tis something to be *not deceived !*

Tyrant of years ! I owe thee more,
For scenes of disappointment past,
Than my proud heart e'er owned before,
Yet gratitude hath waked at last.

Then spurn not thou this votive lay ;
But hang it on thy desert shrine ;
There let it wither and decay—
'T is all that I can give of mine !

NOTES
TO
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Note 1—page 107, line 4.

THIS piece was written in 1824, the third and sixth stanzas being now added. Since that period a change has come over the policy of Greece: for the better it may be—for the worse it scarcely can be. Viewed in connexion with Scripture-Prophecy, and in reference to the Millennial Advent, independent of other considerations, the agitated re-erection of Greece into a monarchy, is now a subject of extreme interest. Inclined, as we are, to receive, under certain reservations, the modern prophetic expositions, we may say with the Mantuan bard, in his *Pollio*, and doubtless, with greater truth:—

“ *Ultima divini venit jam carminis ætas.*”

And in the near prospect of a much more glorious event than we supposed he was favoured to contemplate, who would not wish to appropriate to himself those beautiful lines of the same immortal poet?

“ *O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
Non me carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus: huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adait:
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.*”

Childe Harold was the first, we think, of Lord Byron's productions which we had an opportunity of reading (at a very school-boy age), and we have not yet forgotten the extreme pleasure the perusal afforded us. In his poetry, generally, the noble author has certainly exhibited a facility and felicity of versification; a despotic power over nature in all her phases, and over social life in all its relations, moods, and varieties; an intimate acquaintance with the fundamental principles and springs of human character and action;

a fellowship with past and present lore ; a tenaciousness of memory ; an originality of conception, and a graphic force of language in developing his thoughts and ideas ; unequalled, perhaps, by any poet either of ancient or of modern times. Yet we are not an advocate for his lordship's writings, indiscriminately ; most of them being, unhappily, of a dangerous and immoral tendency. We cannot, for instance, go along with him in his sovereign disregard of the nearest, tenderest, and most sacred affections of the heart ; in his unqualified contempt of all the decencies of life—in his licentious derision of its ordinary duties—and, above all, in his sceptical scorn and witty abuse of holy writ. But we can go along with him, most cordially, in his delineations of manners, characters and customs—in his living portraiture of classic scenes, classic worthies, classic monuments of art and science—and in all his wonderful outbringings of nature's imagery, and nature's feelings—however tinged with his own characteristic gloominess—so long as none of these associate themselves, in his wayward fancy, with anything religious. In these we have taken no common pleasure, and have acknowledged the operations of a transcendent and solitary genius ; while we have, feelingly, lamented the perversion of a mind so well calculated, under a higher guidance, for essentially benefiting and improving the best and noblest interests of society. We have seen, too, and acknowledged, how utterly impossible it is for *that* kind of wisdom, (if it merit the name) which is generated by mere human capacity and talents, to produce true happiness in any of its degrees. Worldly fame it may, and does, imperiously command ; but, alas, of what value is the opinion, good or bad, of the world ? The same breath which exalts the most worthless of mortals *ad astra*, blasts like a simoom the greatest and worthiest of mankind,—yea, in a moment, will veer about and mock the golden calf it had just erected and adored ! Scourge us such satirical and unstable fame ! If we gloried in anything on earth, rather would we glory that all men spoke evil of us than good ; and of the former we have, fortunately, had some little experience. Many, indeed, there are who condemn Lord Byron's writings. They do partly well, and here should they stop : but what ought we to think of those, who, not contented with reprobating his works, in the height and heat of their mistaken zeal, consign the author, on account of them, to everlasting

misery? Presumptuous mortals! how dare ye assume the prerogative of heaven, or limit divine Omnipotence? It is pitiable to observe that, in this respect, the openly profane evince more charity, and better obey the scriptures of truth, (*literally* at least), than those who deem and profess themselves the children of light. We have somewhere read a story, which, true or false, may point out what ought to be, and indeed will be, the sentiments of every good Christian on so mysterious a subject. The story, to the best of our recollection, is as follows:—"A very profane person riding one day on horseback fell, in the very act of swearing, and was killed. That his soul was gone to hell most people believed, and yet a by-stander declared he heard a voice utter the following words:—

"Betwixt the saddle and the ground
Mercy was sought, and mercy found."

Lord Byron's works, we do not deny, are, in common with all published works, a legitimate subject of critical animadversion; and, *as poetry*, they may proudly court and defy it. Nevertheless, we would sincerely pity the misguided man who could be-praise and recommend them, without the most careful discrimination. Personally, the author of *Don Juan* *was* always, and *is* now—with awful and peculiar emphasis—beyond our jurisdiction; and, while we devoutly wish that certain specimens of his wild and unruly genius had never appeared, we would esteem ourselves morally guilty if we did not, at the same time, remember that Omniscience, and consequently, *judgment*—belongs not to man . . . Peace to the soul of the Noble Bard!

Note 2—page 147.

It seems to be so commonly understood, now-a-days, that the brute, inanimate, and vegetable creation converse, reason, and are endowed with all the feelings, faculties, and passions of man (the only difference being, that the *former* sometimes make a better use of them) that we consider any apology for the locutory parts, &c. of the two foregoing pieces, quite superfluous. We introduce this note, chiefly for the purpose of recording our humble *veto* (do we hereby condemn ourselves?) against the employment of dreams, visions, and fables, as the vehicles of conveying moral instruction to the minds of children. The parabolic or figurative method has, indeed, high

human authority to recommend it,—it has even divine;—but the latter was evidently never meant as an ensample to be followed by teachers of youth in succeeding generations; and the former we have little reason to account infallible. It, certainly, is of the deepest importance to impress truth upon tender minds in all her purity, simplicity and nakedness, without figure or device; and this assuredly is not impossible. The art of decking her in foreign ornaments is, generally, too soon and too easily acquired,—each, according to his disposition, talents, or fancy, selecting the dress most agreeable to himself; until genuine truth is fairly masqueraded out of character, and almost beyond the recognition of her most intimate friends. If truth cannot be inculcated but under a *fabulous* disguise (how contradictory the terms!) she cannot be, effectually, inculcated at all. We know that the human mind is naturally averse to entertain her; yet, to enveigle youth to receive her through a disingenuous medium, because, forsooth, a physician gilds or conceals under the form of an electuary, a disagreeable medicine—is most absurd; unless it can first be established, that truth, instead of being lovely and attractive in herself, is (without reference to man's natural aversion), hideous and repulsive. From the custom, partly at least, of involving truths, of a certain description, in allegoric mysticism, we are inclined to believe that many, even among those gifted with the most ample capacities and most penetrating intellects, have failed to find her; and been led, at last, to esteem that volume, where alone she is to be found, no better than “a cunningly devised *fable*.” Much, we are aware, may plausibly be advanced to controvert the sentiments here expressed; but for difference of opinion, we are in the habit of both giving and taking very liberal indulgence,—holding our own, till we are convinced it is erroneous, with as much meekness and forbearance as we happen to be blessed with.

Note 3—page 154.

“And where is Maria? she seems not now.”

Miss M—— W——, (now Mrs. T. H. of D——); a lady of whom it may justly be said, that to know and to esteem her have only one signification.

Note 4—page 154.

“ He is gone with the vanished year.”

The late J—— K——, Esquire, provost of D——, is here alluded to. Those who knew him intimately, may perhaps recognise this faint and imperfect outline.

5—page 156.

“ Roll on to the ocean ! deep, deep Orellana !”

The Orellana is a considerable river in South America, forming one of the boundaries of Guiana. It appears to have taken its name from Orellana, one of the officers of Pizarro, the merciless conqueror and brutal tyrant of the empire of Peru. This officer, we find, about the time of the Peruvian conquest, passed the Andes and sailed down the river Amazon to its mouth—no ordinary feat of navigation, considering the immense extent and rapids of that majestic river.

6—page 157.

“ Pacha-Camac ! he lies 'neath the foam-tossing billow.”

In the language of Peru, Pachacamac denotes the sun ; or, rather, according to Garcilasso, “ He who animates the world.” The Indians of Guiana, among other idolatrous objects of worship, likewise pay adoration to the sun ; but under what name, we are not acquainted. We have taken the venial license of using the Peruvian term,—which, with this explanation, can lead to no historical or mythological misconception.

!

100







